SCHOOL READING BY GRADES

BALDWIN'S READERS

FIFTH YEAR

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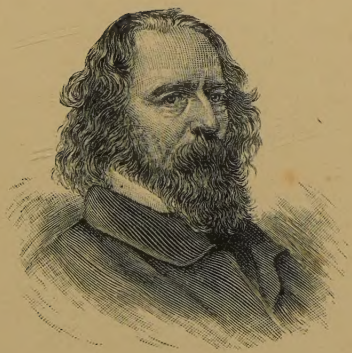
FIFTH YEAR

BY

JAMES BALDWIN



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SCH. READ. FIFTH YEAR.

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PREFACE.

The pupil who has read the earlier numbers of this series is now prepared to study with some degree of care the peculiarities of style which distinguish the different selections in the present volume. Hence, while due attention must be given to the study of words merely as words, — that is to spelling, defining, and pronouncing, — considerable time should be occupied in observing and discussing the literary contents, the author's manner of narrating a story, of describing an action or an appearance, of portraying emotion, of producing an impression upon the mind of the reader or the hearer. The pupils should be encouraged to seek for and point out the particular passages or expressions in each selection which are distinguished for their beauty, their truth, or their peculiar adaptability to the purpose in view. The habit should be cultivated of looking for and enjoying the admirable qualities of any literary production, and particularly of such productions as are by common consent recognized as classical.

The lessons in this volume have been selected and arranged with a view towards several ends: to interest the young reader; to cultivate a taste for the best style of literature as regards both thought and expression; to point the way to an acquaintance with good books; to appeal to the pupil's sense of duty, and strengthen his desire to do right; to arouse patriotic feelings and a just pride in the achievements of our countrymen; and incidentally to add somewhat to the learner's knowledge of history and science and art.

The illustrations will prove to be valuable adjuncts to the text. Spelling, defining, and punctuation should continue to receive special attention. Difficult words and idiomatic expressions should be carefully studied with the aid of the dictionary and of the Word List at the end of this volume. Persistent and systematic practice in the pronunciation of these words and of other difficult combinations of sounds will aid in training the pupils' voices to habits of careful articulation and correct enunciation.

While literary biography can be of but little, if any, value in cultivating literary taste, it is desirable that pupils should acquire some knowledge of the writers whose productions are placed before them for study. To assist in the acquisition of this knowledge, and also to serve for ready reference, a few Biographical Notes are inserted towards the end of the volume. The brief suggestions given on page 6 should be read and commented upon at the beginning, and frequently referred to and practically applied in the lessons which follow.

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Acknowledgments are due to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers of the works of Eugene Field, for permission to use the poem entitled "The Wanderer"; to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of the works of H. W. Longfellow and J. G. Whittier, for the use of "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Corn Song"; and to The J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers of the poems of T. Buchanan Read, for the piece entitled "The Stranger on the Sill."

TO THE LEARNER.

A FAMOUS writer has said that the habit of reading is one's pass to the greatest, the purest, the most perfect pleasures that have been prepared for human beings. "But," he continued, "you cannot acquire this habit in your old age; you cannot acquire it in middle age; you must do it now, when you are young. You must learn to read, and to like reading now, or you cannot do so when you are old." Now, no one can derive very great pleasure or very great profit from reading unless he is able to read well. The boy or girl who stumbles over every hard word, or who is at a loss to know the meaning of this or that expression, is not likely to find much enjoyment in books. To read well to one's self, one must be able to read aloud in such a manner as to interest and delight those who listen to him: and this is the chief reason why we have so many reading books at school, and why your teachers are so careful that you should acquire the ability to enunciate every sound distinctly, pronounce every word properly, and read every sentence readily and with a clear understanding of its meaning.

Is the reading exercise a task to you? Try to make it a pleasure. Ask yourself: What is there in this lesson that teaches me something which I did not know before? What is there in this lesson that is beautiful, or grand, or inspiring? Has the writer said anything in a manner that is particularly pleasing — in a manner that perhaps no one else would have thought to say it? What particular thought or saying, in this lesson, is so good and true that it is worth learning by heart and remembering always. Does the selection as a whole teach anything that will tend to make me wiser, or better, or stronger than before? Or is it merely a source of temporary amusement to be soon forgotten and as though it had never been? Or does it, like fine music or a noble picture, not only give present pleasure, but enlarge my capacity for enjoyment and enable me to discover and appreciate beautiful things in literature and art and nature which I would otherwise never have known?

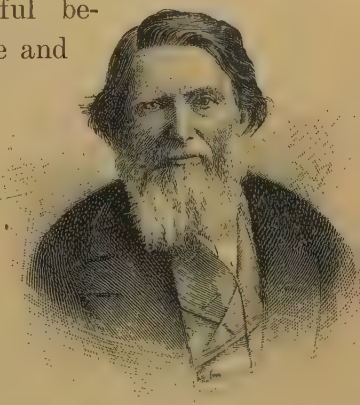
When you have asked yourself all these questions about any selection, and have studied it carefully to find answers to them, you will be prepared to read it aloud to your teacher and your classmates; and you will be surprised to notice how much better you have read it than would have been the case had you attempted it merely as a task or as an exercise in the pronouncing of words. It is by thus always seeking to discover things instructive and beautiful and enjoyable in books, that one acquires that right habit of reading which has been spoken of as the pass to the greatest, the purest, the most perfect of pleasures.

SCHOOL READING.

FIFTH YEAR.

SOMETHING ABOUT BOOKS.

A beautiful book, and one profitable to those who read it carefully, is "Sesame and Lilies" by John Ruskin. It is beautiful because of the pleasant language and choice words in which it is written; for, of all our later writers, no one is the master of a style more pure and more delightful in its simplicity than Mr. Ruskin's. It is profitable because of the lessons which it teaches; for it was written "to show somewhat the use and preciousness of good books, and to awaken in the minds of young people some thought of the purposes of the life into which they are entering, and the nature of the world they have to conquer." The follow-



John Ruskin.

ing pertinent words concerning the choice of books have been taken mainly from its pages:

All books may be divided into two classes, — books of the hour, and books of all time. Yet it is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. There are good books for the hour and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour and bad ones for all time.

The good book of the hour, — I do not speak of the bad ones, — is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be.

These bright accounts of travels, good-humored and witty discussions of questions, lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel: all these are books of the hour and are the peculiar possession of the present age. We ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print.

Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary,

to-day; whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns and roads and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you some amusing story, or relates such and such circumstances of interest, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a *book* at all, nor, in the real sense, to be *read*.

A book is not a talked thing, but a written thing. The book of *talk* is printed only because its author can not speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would — the volume is mere multiplication of the voice. You can not talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead; that is merely a way of carrying the voice.

But a book is *written*, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and in a melodious manner if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine

and earth has allowed him to seize. He would set it down forever; carve it on a rock, if he could, saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate and drank and slept, loved and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his *writing;* that is a *book.*

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men — by great leaders, great statesmen, great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before; yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you can not read that — that what you lose to-day you can not gain to-morrow?

Will you go and gossip with the housemaid, or the stableboy, when you may talk with queens and kings? Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is — that is just what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day."

But whether you feel thus or not, at least be sure

that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once; nay, that at his whole meaning you may not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he can not say it all, and, what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way in order that he may be sure you want it.

When, therefore, you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I ready to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" For your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without these tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest carving, and the most careful melting, before you can gather one grain of the precious gold.

I can not, of course, tell you what to choose for your library, for every several mind needs different books; but there are some books which we all need, and which if you read as much as you ought, you will not need to have your shelves enlarged to right and left for purposes of study.

If you want to understand any subject whatever, read the best book upon it you can hear of. A common book will often give you amusement, but it is only a noble book that will give you dear friends.

Avoid that class of literature which has a knowing tone; it is the most poisonous of all. Every good book, or piece of book, is full of admiration and awe; and it always leads you to reverence or love something with your whole heart.

OLD CHIRON'S SCHOOL.

Æson was king of Iolcus by the sea; but for all that, he was an unhappy man. For he had a stepbrother named Pelias, a fierce and lawless man who was the doer of many a fearful deed, and about whom many dark and sad tales were told. And at last Pelias drove out Æson, his stepbrother, and took the kingdom for himself, and ruled over the rich town of Iolcus by the sea.

And Æson, when he was driven out, went sadly away from the town, leading his little son by the hand; and he said to himself, "I must hide the child in the mountains, or Pelias will surely kill him, because he

is the heir." So he went up from the sea across the valley, through the vineyards and the olive groves, and across a foaming torrent toward Pelion, the ancient mountain, whose brows are white with snow.

He went up and up into the mountain, over marsh and crag, and down, till the boy was tired and foot-sore, and Æson had to bear him in his arms, till he came to the mouth of a lonely cave at the foot of a mighty cliff. Above the cliff the snow wreaths hung, dripping and cracking in the sun; but at its foot, around the cave's mouth, grew all fair flowers and herbs, as if in a garden arranged in order, each sort by itself. There they grew gayly in the sunshine, and in the spray of the torrent from above; while from the cave came a sound of music, and a man's voice singing to the harp.

Then Æson put down the lad, and whispered:

"Fear not, but go in, and whomsoever you shall find, lay your hands upon his knees, and say, 'In the name of the Father of gods and men, I am your guest from this day forth.'"

Then the lad went in without trembling, for he too was a hero's son; but when he was within, he stopped in wonder, to listen to that magic song.

And there he saw the singer lying upon bearskins and fragrant boughs; Chiron, the ancient Centaur,

the wisest of all beings beneath the sky. Down to the waist he was a man; but below he was a noble horse; his white hair rolled down over his broad shoulders, and his white beard over his broad brown chest; and his eyes were wise and mild, and his forehead like a mountain wall.

And in his hands he held a harp of gold, and struck it with a golden key; and as he struck he sang till his eyes glittered, and filled all the cave with light.

And he sang of the birth of Time, and of the heavens and the dancing stars; and of the ocean, and the ether, and the fire, and the shaping of the wondrous earth. And he sang of the treasures of the hills, and the hidden jewels of the mine, and the veins of fire and metal, and the virtues of all healing herbs; and of the speech of birds, and of prophecy, and of hidden things to come.

Then he sang of health, and strength, and manhood, and a valiant heart; and of music and hunting, and wrestling, and all the games which heroes love; and of travel, and wars, and sieges, and a noble death in fight; and then he sang of peace and plenty, and of equal justice in the land; and as he sang, the boy listened wide-eyed, and forgot his errand in the song.

And at last Chiron was silent, and called the lad

with a soft voice. And the lad ran trembling to him, and would have laid his hands upon his knees; but Chiron smiled, and said, "Call hither your father Æson; for I know you and all that has befallen you."

Then Æson came in sadly, and Chiron asked him, "Why came you not yourself to me, Æson?"

And Æson said: "I thought, Chiron will pity the lad if he sees him come alone; and I wished to try whether he was fearless, and dare venture like a hero's son. But now I entreat you, let the boy be your guest till better times, and train him among the sons of the heroes that he may become like them, strong and brave."

And Chiron answered: "Go back in peace and bend before the storm like a prudent man. This boy shall not leave me till he has become a glory to you and to your house."

And Æson wept over his son and went away; but the boy did not weep, so full was his fancy of that strange cave, and the Centaur, and his song, and the playfellows whom he was to see. Then Chiron put the lyre into his hands, and taught him how to play it, till the sun sank low behind the cliff, and a shout was heard outside. And then in came the sons of the heroes, — Æneas, and Hercules, and Peleus, and many another mighty name.

And great Chiron leaped up joyfully, and his hoofs made the cave resound, as they shouted, "Come out, Father Chiron; come out and see our game." And one cried, "I have killed two deer," and an-

And then in came the sons of the heroes.

other, "I took a wild cat among the crags." And Hercules dragged a wild goat after him by its horns; and Cæneus carried a bear cub under each arm, and laughed when they scratched and bit; for neither tooth nor steel could wound him. And Chiron praised them all, each according to his deserts.

Only one walked apart and silent, Æsculapius, the

too wise child, with his bosom full of herbs and flowers, and round his wrist a spotted snake; he came with downcast eyes to Chiron, and whispered how he had watched the snake cast his old skin, and grow young again before his eyes, and how he had gone down into a village in the vale, and cured a dying man with a herb which he had seen a sick goat eat. And Chiron smiled and said:

"To each there has been given his own gift, and each is worthy in his place. But to this child there has been given an honor beyond all honors, — to cure while others kill."

Then some of the lads brought in wood, and split it, and lighted a blazing fire; and others skinned the deer and quartered them, and set them to roast before the fire; and while the venison was cooking they bathed in the snow torrent, and washed away the dust and sweat. And then all ate till they could eat no more — for they had tasted nothing since the dawn — and drank of the clear spring water, for wine is not fit for growing lads. And when the remnants were put away, they all lay down upon the skins and leaves about the fire, and each took the lyre in turn, and sang and played with all his heart.

And after a while they all went out to a plot of grass at the cave's mouth, and there they boxed, and

ran, and wrestled, and laughed till the stones fell from the cliffs.

Then Chiron took his lyre, and all the lads joined hands; and as he played, they danced to his measure, in and out, and round and round. There they danced hand in hand, till the night fell over land and sea, while the black glen shone with their broad white limbs, and the gleam of their golden hair.

And the lad danced with them, delighted, and then slept a wholesome sleep, upon fragrant leaves of bay, and myrtle, and marjoram, and flowers of thyme; and rose at the dawn, and bathed in the torrent, and became a schoolfellow to the heroes' sons. And in course of time he forgot Iolcus, and Æson his father, and all his former life. But he grew strong, and brave, and cunning, upon the rocky heights of Pelion, in the keen, hungry, mountain air. And he learned to wrestle, and to box, and to hunt, and to play upon the harp; and, next, he learned to ride, for old Chiron often allowed him to mount upon his back; and he learned the virtues of all herbs, and how to cure all wounds; and Chiron called him Jason the healer, and that is his name until this day.

—From "The Heroes; or Greek Fairy Tales," by Charles Kingsley.

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

I.

In the old castle of Montargis in France, there was once a stone mantelpiece of workmanship so rare that it was talked about by the whole country. And yet it was not altogether its beauty that caused people to speak of it and remember it. It was famous rather on account of the strange scene that was carved upon it. To those who asked about its meaning, the old custodian of the castle would sometimes tell the following story.

It happened more than five hundred years ago, when this castle was new and strong, and people lived and thought in very different sort from what they do now. Among the young men of that time there was none more noble than Aubrey de Montdidier, the nephew of the Count of Montargis; and among all the knights who had favor at the royal court, there was none more brave than the young Sieur de Narsac, captain of the king's men at arms.

Now these two men were devoted friends, and whenever their other duties allowed them, they were sure to be in each other's company. Indeed, it was a rare thing to see either of them walking the streets of Paris alone.

"I will meet you at the tournament to-morrow,"

said Aubrey gayly, one evening, as he was parting from his friend.

"Yes, at the tournament to-morrow," said De Narsac; "and be sure that you come early."

The tournament was to be a grand affair. A gentleman from Provence was to run a tilt with a famous Burgundian knight. Both men were noted for their horsemanship and their skill with the lance. All Paris would be out to see them.

When the time came, De Narsac was at the place appointed. But Aubrey failed to appear. What could it mean? It was not at all like Aubrey to forget his promise; it was seldom that he allowed anything to keep him away from the tournament.

"Have you seen my friend Aubrey to-day?" De Narsac asked this question a hundred times. Everybody gave the same answer, and wondered what had happened.

The day passed and another day came, and still there was no news from Aubrey. De Narsac had called at his friend's lodgings, but could learn nothing. The young man had not been seen since the morning before the tournament.

Three days passed, and still not a word. De Narsac was greatly troubled. He knew now that some accident must have happened to Aubrey. But what could it have been?

Early in the morning of the fourth day he was aroused by a strange noise at his door. He dressed himself in haste and opened it. A dog was crouching there. It was a greyhound, so poor that its ribs stuck out, so weak that it could hardly stand.

De Narsac knew the animal without looking at the collar on its neck. It was Dragon, his friend Aubrey's greyhound, — the dog who went with him whenever he walked out, the dog who was never seen save in its master's company.

The poor creature tried to stand. His legs trembled from weakness; he swayed from side to side. He wagged his tail feebly, and tried to put his nose in De Narsac's hand. De Narsac saw at once that he was half starved; that he had not had food for a long time.

He led the dog into his room and fed him some warm milk. He bathed the poor fellow's nose and bloodshot eyes with cold water. "Tell me where is your master," he said. Then he set before him a full meal that would have tempted any dog.

The greyhound ate heartily, and seemed to be much stronger. He licked De Narsac's hands. He fondled his feet. Then he ran to the door and tried to make signs to his friend to follow him. He whined pitifully.

De Narsac understood. "You want to lead me to

your master, I see." He put on his hat and went out with the dog.

Through the narrow lanes and crooked streets of the old city, Dragon led the way. At each corner he would stop and look back to make sure that De Narsac was following. He went over the long bridge — the only one that spanned the river in those days. Then he trotted out through the gate of St. Martin and into the open country beyond the walls.

In a little while the dog left the main road and took a bypath that led into the forest of Bondy. De Narsac kept his hand on his sword now, for they were on dangerous ground. The forest was a great resort for robbers and lawless men, and more than one wild and wicked deed had been enacted there.

But Dragon did not go far into the woods. He stopped suddenly near a dense thicket of briers and tangled vines. He whined as though in great distress. Then he took hold of the sleeve of De Narsac's coat, and led him round to the other side of the thicket.

There under a low-spreading oak the grass had been trampled down; there were signs, too, of freshly turned-up earth. With moans of distress the dog stretched himself upon the ground, and with pleading eyes looked up into De Narsac's face.

"Ah, my poor fellow!" said De Narsac, "you have led me here to show me your master's grave." And with that he turned and hurried back to the city; but the dog would not stir from his place.

That afternoon a company of men, led by De Narsac, rode out to the forest. They found in the ground beneath the oak what they had expected — the murdered body of young Aubrey de Montdidier.

"Who could have done this foul deed?" they asked of one another; and then they wept, for they all loved Aubrey.

They made a litter of green branches, and laid the body upon it. Then, the dog following them, they carried it back to the city and buried it in the king's cemetery. And all Paris mourned the untimely end of the brave young knight.

II.

After this, the greyhound went to live with the young Sieur de Narsac. He followed the knight wherever he went. He slept in his room and ate from his hand. He seemed to be as much devoted to his new master as he had been to the old.

One morning they went out for a stroll through the city. The streets were crowded; for it was a holiday and all the fine people of Paris were enjoying

the sunlight and the fresh air. Dragon, as usual, kept close to the heels of his master.

De Narsac walked down one street and up another, meeting many of his friends, and now and then stopping to talk a little while. Suddenly, as they

The dog planted himself in front of his master.

were passing a corner, the dog leaped forward and planted himself in front of his master. He growled fiercely; he crouched as though ready for a spring; his eyes were fixed upon some one in the crowd.

Then, before De Narsac could speak, he leaped forward upon a young man whom he had singled

out. The man threw up his arm to save his throat; but the quickness of the attack and the weight of the dog caused him to fall to the ground. There is no telling what might have followed had not those who were with him beaten the dog with their canes, and driven him away.

De Narsac knew the man. His name was Richard Macaire, and he belonged to the king's bodyguard.

Never before had the greyhound been known to show anger towards any person. "What do you mean by such conduct?" asked his master as they walked homeward. Dragon's only answer was a low growl; but it was the best that he could give. The affair had put a thought into De Narsac's mind which he could not dismiss.

Within less than a week the thing happened again. This time Macaire was walking in the public garden. De Narsac and the dog were some distance away. But as soon as Dragon saw the man, he rushed at him. It was all that the bystanders could do to keep him from throttling Macaire. De Narsac hurried up and called him away; but the dog's anger was fearful to see.

It was well known in Paris that Macaire and young Aubrey had not been friends. It was remembered that they had had more than one quarrel. And now the people began to talk about the dog's

strange actions, and some went so far as to put this and that together.

At last the matter reached the ears of the king. He sent for De Narsac and had a long talk with him. "Come back to-morrow and bring the dog with you," he said. "We must find out more about this strange affair."

The next day De Narsac, with Dragon at his heels, was admitted into the king's audience room. The king was seated in his great chair, and many knights and men at arms were standing around him. Hardly had De Narsac stepped inside when the dog leaped quickly forward. He had seen Macaire, and had singled him out from among all the rest. He sprang upon him. He would have torn him in pieces if no one had interfered.

There was now only one way to explain the matter.

"This greyhound," said De Narsac, "is here to denounce the Chevalier Macaire as the slayer of his master, young Aubrey de Montdidier. He demands that justice be done, and that the murderer be punished for his crime."

The Chevalier Macaire was pale and trembling. He stammered a denial of his guilt, and declared that the dog was a dangerous beast, and ought to be put out of the way. "Shall a soldier in the service

of the king be accused by a dog?" he cried. "Shall he be condemned on such testimony as this? I, too, demand justice."

"Let the judgment of God decide!" cried the knights who were present.

And so the king declared that there should be a trial by the judgment of God. For in those rude times it was a very common thing to determine guilt or innocence in this way — that is, by a combat between the accuser and the accused. In such cases it was believed that God would always aid the cause of the innocent and bring about the defeat of the guilty.

The combat was to take place that very afternoon in the great common by the riverside. The king's herald made a public announcement of it, naming the dog as the accuser and the Chevalier Macaire as the accused. A great crowd of people assembled to see this strange trial by the judgment of God.

The king and his officers were there to make sure that no injustice was done to either the man or the dog. The man was allowed to defend himself with a short stick; the dog was given a barrel into which he might run if too closely pressed.

At a signal the combat began. Macaire stood upon his guard while the dog darted swiftly around him, dodging the blows that were aimed at him, and

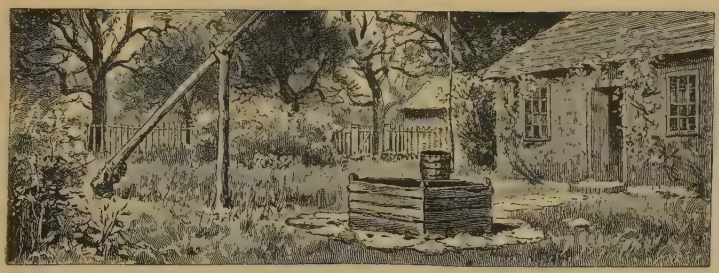
trying to get at his enemy's throat. The man seemed to have lost all his courage. His breath came short and quick. He was trembling from head to foot.

Suddenly the dog leaped upon him and threw him to the ground. In his great terror he cried to the king for mercy, and acknowledged his guilt.

"It is the judgment of God!" cried the king.

The officers rushed in and dragged the dog away before he could harm the guilty man; and Macaire was hurried off to the punishment which his crimes deserved.

And this is the scene that was carved on the old mantelpiece in the castle of Montargis — this strange trial by the judgment of God. Is it not fitting that a dog so faithful, devoted, and brave should have his memory thus preserved in stone? He is remembered also in story and song. In France ballads have been written about him; and his strange history has been dramatized in both French and English.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep, tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew.
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;

Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness it rose from the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from thy loved situation,
The tear of regret will oftentimes swell,
As fancy returns to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

— *Samuel Woodworth.*

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

So nigh is grandeur to our dust
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer. Engraved by Henry W. Peckwell.

The Village Blacksmith.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

One morning when Hercules was a fair-faced lad of twelve years, he was sent out to do an errand which he disliked very much. As he walked slowly along the road, his heart was full of bitter thoughts; and he murmured because others no better than himself were living in ease and pleasure, while for him there was little but labor and pain. Thinking upon these things, he came after a while to a place where two roads met; and he stopped, not quite certain which one to take.

The road on his right was hilly and rough, and there was no beauty in it or about it; but he saw that it led straight toward the blue mountains in the far distance. The road on his left was broad and smooth, with shade trees on either side, where sang thousands of beautiful birds; and it went winding in and out, through groves and green meadows, where bloomed countless flowers; but it ended in fog and mist long before reaching the wonderful mountains of blue.

While the lad stood in doubt as to which way he should go, he saw two ladies coming toward him, each by a different road. The one who came down the flowery way reached him first, and Hercules saw that she was beautiful as a summer day. Her cheeks

were red, her eyes sparkled, her voice was like the music of morning.

"O noble youth," she said, "this is the road which you should choose. It will lead you into pleasant ways where there is neither toil, nor hard study, nor drudgery of any kind. Your ears shall always be delighted with sweet sounds, and your eyes with things beautiful and gay; and you need do nothing but play and enjoy the hours as they pass."

By this time the other fair woman had drawn near, and she now spoke to the lad.

"If you take my road," said she, "you will find that it is rocky and rough, and that it climbs many a hill and descends into many a valley and quagmire. The views which you will sometimes get from the hilltops are grand and glorious, while the deep valleys are dark and the uphill ways are toilsome; but the road leads to the blue mountains of endless fame, of which you can see faint glimpses, far away. They can not be reached without labor; for, in fact, there is nothing worth having that must not be won through toil. If you would have fruits and flowers, you must plant and care for them; if you would gain the love of your fellow-men, you must love them and suffer for them; if you would be a man, you must make yourself strong by the doing of manly deeds."

Then the boy saw that this lady, although her face seemed at first very plain, was as beautiful as the dawn, or as the flowery fields after a summer rain.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"If you would be a man, you must make yourself strong."

"Some call me Labor," she answered, "but others know me as Truth."

"And what is your name?" he asked, turning to the first lady.

"Some call me Pleasure," said she with a smile; "but I choose to be known as the Joyous One."

"And what can you promise me at the end if I go with you?"

"I promise nothing at the end. What I give, I give at the beginning."

"Labor," said Hercules, "I will follow your road. I want to be strong and manly and worthy of the love of my fellows. And whether I shall ever reach the blue mountains or not, I want to have the reward of knowing that my journey has not been without some worthy aim."

CHRISTMAS AT THE CRATCHITS'.

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Cratchit plunged a fork into the sauce-pan of potatoes, and getting the corner of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their

own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day, by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

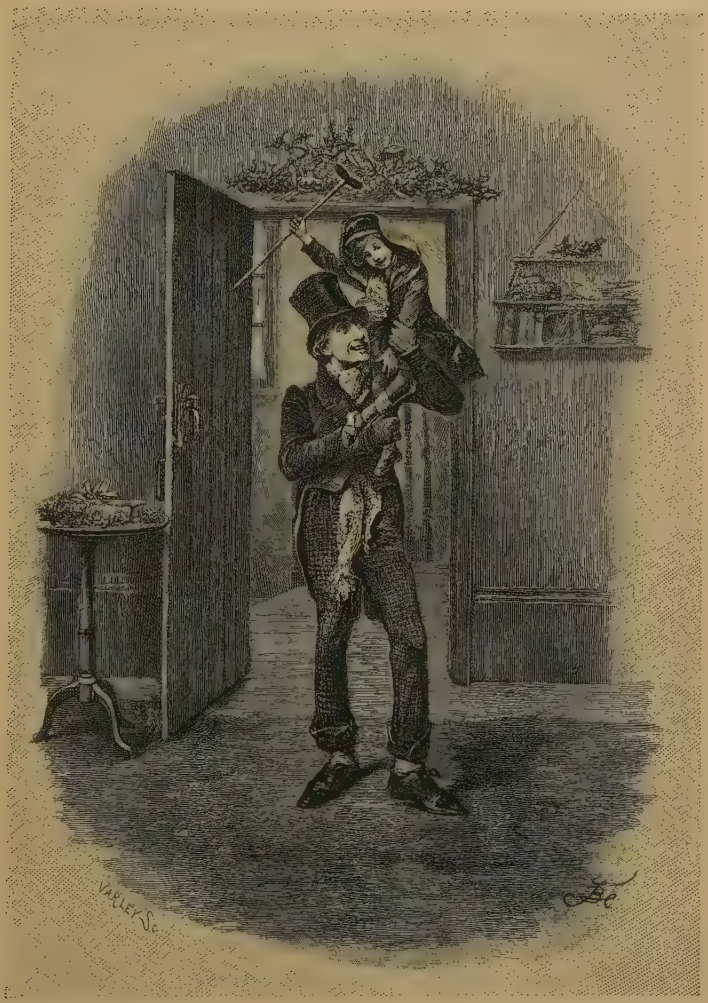
"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two



From the Painting by F. Barnard. Engraved by Robert Varley.

Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim.

young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha did not like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the washhouse that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Some-

how he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs, — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby, — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course — and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter

mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and

onion to the eyebrows! But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, smoking hot, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small

pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass, — two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

— *From "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens.*

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him; and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying: Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven.

Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his foot-

stool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King.

Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

And if any man will sue thee at law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

For if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more

than others? Do not even the publicans so? Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect. . . .

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you; for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

If ye then, being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

— *From the Gospel according to St. Matthew.*

BETSEY HULL'S WEDDING.

In the early days of New England all the money that was used was brought from Europe. Coins of gold and silver from England were the most plentiful; but now and then one might see a doubloon, or some piece of smaller value, that had been made in Spain or Portugal. As for paper money, or bank bills, nobody had ever heard of them.

Money was so scarce that people were often obliged to barter instead of buying and selling. That is, if a lady wanted a yard of dress goods, she would perhaps exchange a basket of fruit or some vegetables for it; if a farmer wanted a pair of shoes, he might give the skin of an ox for it; if he needed nails, he might buy them with potatoes. In many places there was not money enough of any kind to pay the salaries of the ministers; and so, instead of gold or silver, they were obliged to take fish and corn and wood and anything else that the people could spare.

As the people became more numerous, and there was more trade among them, the want of money caused much inconvenience. At last, the General Court of the colony passed a law providing for the coinage of small pieces of silver — shillings, sixpences, and threepences. They also appointed Captain John Hull to be mint-master for the colony, and

gave him the exclusive right to make this money. It was agreed that for every twenty shillings coined by him, he was to keep one shilling to pay him for his work.

And now, all the old silver in the colony was hunted up and carried to Captain Hull's mint. Battered silver cans and tankards, silver buckles, broken spoons, old sword hilts, and many other such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts. All this old and new silver was melted down and coined; and the result was an immense amount of bright shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other; hence, the shillings were called pine-tree shillings.

Pine-tree Shilling.

When the members of the General Court saw what an immense number of coins had been made, and remembered that one shilling in every twenty was to go into the pockets of Captain John Hull, they began

to think that the mint-master was having the best of the bargain. They offered him a large amount, if he would but give up his claim to that twentieth shilling. But the Captain declared that he was well satisfied to let things stand as they were. And so he might be, for in a few years his money bags and his strong box were all overflowing with pine-tree shillings.

Now, the rich mint-master had a daughter whose name I do not know, but whom I will call Betsey. This daughter was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as many young ladies of our own days. She had been fed on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, and so had grown up to be as round and plump as any lass in the colony. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey, a worthy young man, Samuel Sewell by name, fell in love; and as he was diligent in business, and a member of the church, the mint-master did not object to his taking her as his wife. "Oh, yes, you may have her," he said in his rough way; "but you will find her a heavy enough burden."

On the wedding day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences, and the knees of his small clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he

sat with dignity in the huge armchair which had been brought from old England expressly for his comfort. On the other side of the room sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-laced waistcoat. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself.

When the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales." Miss Betsey — or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her — did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"Now," said honest John Hull to the servants,

"bring that box hither." The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, ironbound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for three or four of you to play at hide and seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid.

Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. It is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver."

— Adapted from "Grandfather's Chair" by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

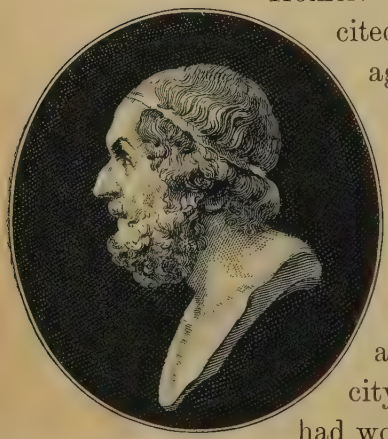
From the Painting by C. G. Turner.

Engraved by Angelo Negri.

A Puritan Wedding Procession.

ULYSSES AND THE CYCLOPS.

Among all the great poems that have ever been written none are grander or more famous than the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," of the old Greek poet Homer. They were composed and recited nearly three thousand years ago, and yet nothing that has been written in later times has so charmed and delighted mankind. In the "Iliad" the poet tells how the Greeks made war upon Troy, and how they did brave deeds around the walls of that famed city, and faltered not till they had won the stubborn fight. In the "Odyssey" he tells how the Greek hero Ulysses or Odysseus, when the war was ended, set sail for his distant home in Ithaca; how he was driven from his course by the wind and waves; and how he was carried against his will through unknown seas and to strange, mysterious shores where no man had been before.



Homer.

One of the most famous passages in the "Odyssey" is that in which Ulysses relates the story of his meeting with the one-eyed giant, Polyphemus. He tells it in this manner:

When we had come to the land, we saw a cave not far from the sea. It was a lofty cave roofed over with laurels, and in it large herds of sheep and goats were used to rest. About it a high outer court was built with stones set deep in the ground, and with tall pines and oaks crowned with green leaves. In it was wont to sleep a man of monstrous size who shepherded his flocks alone and had no dealings with others, but dwelt apart in lawlessness of mind. Indeed, he was a monstrous thing, most strangely shaped; and he was unlike any man that lives by bread, but more like the wooded top of some towering hill that stands out apart and alone from others.

Then I bade the rest of my well-loved company stay close by the ship and guard it; but I chose out twelve of my bravest men and sallied forth. We bore with us a bag of corn and a great skin filled with dark sweet wine; for in my lordly heart I had a foreboding that we should meet a man, a strange, strong man who had little reason and cared nothing for the right.

Soon we came to the cave, but he was not within; he was shepherding his fat flocks in the pastures. So we went into the cave and looked around. There we saw many folds filled with lambs and kids. Each kind was penned by itself; in one fold were the

spring lambs, in one were the summer lambs, and in one were the younglings of the flock. On one side of the cave were baskets well laden with cheeses; and the milk pails and the bowls and the well-wrought vessels into which he milked were filled with whey.

He came back driving his flocks.

Then my men begged me to take the cheeses and return, and afterwards to make haste and drive off the kids and lambs to the swift ship and sail without delay over the salt waves. Far better would it have been had I done as they wished; but I bade them wait and see the giant himself, for perhaps he

would give me gifts as a stranger's due. Then we kindled a fire and made a burnt-offering; and we ate some of the cheeses, and sat waiting for him till he came back driving his flocks. In his arms he carried a huge load of dry wood to be used in cooking supper. This he threw down with a great noise inside the cave, and we in fear hid ourselves in the dark corners behind the rocks.

As for the giant, he drove into the wide cavern all those of his flock that he was wont to milk; but the males, both of the sheep and of the goats, he left outside in the high-walled yard. Then he lifted a huge door stone and set it in the mouth of the cave; it was a stone so weighty that two-and-twenty good, four-wheeled wagons could scarce have borne it off the ground. Then he sat down and milked the ewes and the bleating goats, each in its turn, and beneath each ewe he placed her young. After that he curdled half of the white milk and stored it in wicker baskets; and the other half he let stand in pails that he might have it for his supper.

Now, when he had done all his work busily, he kindled the fire, and as its light shone into all parts of the cave, he saw us. "Strangers, who are you?" he cried. "Whence sail you over the wet ways? Are you on some trading voyage, or do you rove as sea robbers over the briny deep?"

Such were his words, and so monstrous was he and so deep was his voice that our hearts were broken within us for terror. But, for all that, I stood up and answered him, saying:

"Lo, we are Greeks, driven by all manner of winds over the great gulf of the sea. We seek our homes, but have lost our way and know not where we go. Now we have landed on this shore, and we come to thy knees, thinking perhaps that thou wilt give us a stranger's gift, or make any present, as is the due of strangers. Think upon thy duty to the gods; for we are thy suppliants. Have regard to Jupiter, the god of the sojourner and the friend of the stranger."

This I said, and then the giant answered me out of his pitiless heart: "Thou art indeed a foolish fellow and a stranger in this land, to think of bidding me fear the gods. We Cyclops care nothing for Jupiter, nor for any other of the gods; for we are better men than they. The fear of them will never cause me to spare either thee or thy company, unless I choose to do so."

Then the giant sprang up and caught two of my companions, and dashed them to the ground so hard that they died before my eyes; and the earth was wet with their blood. Then he cut them into pieces, and made ready his evening meal. So he ate, as a lion of the mountains; and we wept and raised our

hands to Jupiter, and knew not what to do. And after the Cyclops had filled himself, he lay down among his sheep.

Then I considered in my great heart whether I should not draw my sharp sword, and stab him in the breast. But upon second thought, I held back. For I knew that we would not be able to roll away with our hands the heavy stone which the giant had set against the door, and we would then have perished in the cave. So, all night long, we crouched trembling in the darkness, and waited the coming of the day.

Now, when the rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, the Cyclops arose and kindled the fire. Then he milked his goodly flock, and beneath each ewe he set her lamb. When he had done all his work busily, he seized two others of my men, and made ready his morning meal. And after the meal, he moved away the great door stone, and drove his fat flocks forth from the cave; and when the last sheep had gone out, he set the stone in its place again, as one might set the lid of a quiver. Then, with a loud whoop, he turned his flocks toward the hills; but I was left shut up in the cave, and thinking what we should do to avenge ourselves.

And at last this plan seemed to me the best. Not far from the sheepfold there lay a great club of the

Cyclops, a club of olive wood, yet green, which he had cut to carry with him when it should be fully seasoned. Now when we looked at this stick, it seemed to us as large as the mast of a black ship of twenty oars, a wide merchant vessel that sails the vast sea. I stood by it, and cut off from it a piece some six feet in length, and set it by my men, and bade them trim it down and make it smooth; and while they did this, I stood by and sharpened it to a point. Then I took it and hardened it in the bright fire; and after that, I laid it away and hid it. And I bade my men cast lots to determine which of them should help me, when the time came, to lift the sharp and heavy stick and turn it about in the Cyclops' eye. And the lots fell upon those whom I would have chosen, and I appointed myself to be the fifth among them.

II.

In the evening the Cyclops came home, bringing his well-fleeced flocks; and soon he drove the beasts, each and all, into the cave, and left not one outside in the high-walled yard. Then he lifted the huge door stone, and set it in the mouth of the cave; and after that he milked the ewes and the bleating goats, all in order, and beneath each ewe he placed her young.

Now when he had done all his work busily, he seized two others of my men, and made ready his supper. Then I stood before the Cyclops and spoke to him, holding in my hands a bowl of dark wine: "Cyclops, take this wine and drink it after thy feast, that thou mayest know what kind of wine it was that our good ship carried. For, indeed, I was bringing it to thee as a drink offering, if haply thou wouldst pity us and send us on our way home; but thy mad rage seems to have no bounds."

So I spoke, and he took the cup and drank the wine; and so great was his delight that he asked me for yet a second draught.

"Kindly give me more, and tell me thy name, so that I may give thee a stranger's gift and make thee glad."

Thus he spoke, and again I handed him the dark wine. Three times did I hand it to him, and three times did he drink it to the dregs. But when the wine began to confuse his wits, then I spoke to him with soft words:

"O Cyclops, thou didst ask for my renowned name, and now I will tell it to thee; but do thou grant me a stranger's gift, as thou hast promised. My name is No-man; my father and my mother and all my companions call me No-man."

Thus I spoke, and he answered me out of his

pitiless heart: "I will eat thee, No-man, after I have eaten all thy fellows: that shall be thy gift."

Then he sank down upon the ground with his face upturned; and there he lay with his great neck bent round; and sleep, that conquers all men, overcame him. Then I thrust that stake under the burning coals until the sharpened end of it grew hot; and I spoke words of comfort to my men lest they should hang back with fear. But when the bar of olive wood began to glow and was about to catch fire, even then I came nigh and drew it from the coals, and my men stood around me, and some god filled our hearts with courage.

The men seized the bar of olive wood and thrust it into the Cyclops' eye, while I from my place aloft turned it around. As when a man bores a ship's beam with a drill while his fellows below spin it with a strap, which they hold at either end, and the auger runs round continually: even so did we seize the fiery-pointed brand and whirl it round in his eye. And the flames singed his eyelids and brows all about, as the ball of the eye was burned away. And the Cyclops raised a great and terrible cry that made the rocks around us ring, and we fled away in fear, while he plucked the brand from his bleeding eye.

Then, maddened with pain, he cast the bar from

him, and called with a loud voice to the Cyclopes, his neighbors, who dwelt near him in the caves along the cliffs. And they heard his cry, and flocked together from every side, and standing outside, at the door of the cave, asked him what was the matter:

"What troubles thee, Polyphemus, that thou criest thus in the night, and wilt not let us sleep?"

The strong Cyclops whom they thus called Polyphemus, answered them from the cave: "My friends, No-man is killing me by guile, and not by force!"

And they spoke winged words to him: "If no man is mistreating thee in thy lonely cave, then it must be some sickness, sent by Jupiter, that is giving thee pain. Pray to thy father, great Neptune, and perhaps he will cure thee."

And when they had said this they went away; and my heart within me laughed to see how my name and cunning counsel had deceived them. But the Cyclops, groaning with pain, groped with his hands, and lifted the stone from the door of the cave. Then he sat in the doorway, with arms outstretched, to lay hold of any one that might try to go out with the sheep; for he thought that I would be thus foolish. But I began to think of all kinds of plans by which we might escape; and this was the plan which seemed to me the best:

The rams of the flock were thick-fleeced, beautiful, and large; and their wool was dark as the violet. These I quietly lashed together with the strong withes which the Cyclops had laid in heaps to sleep upon. I tied them together in threes: the middle one of the three was to carry a man; but the sheep on either side went only as a shield to keep him from discovery. Thus, every three sheep carried their man. As for me, I laid hold of a young ram, the best and strongest of all the flock; and I clung beneath him, face upward, grasping the wondrous fleece.

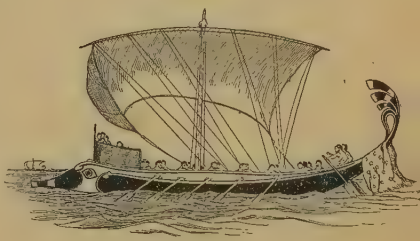
As soon as the early Dawn shone forth, the rams of the flock hastened out to the pasture, but the ewes bleated about the pens and waited to be milked. As the rams passed through the doorway, their master, sore stricken with pain, felt along their backs, and guessed not in his folly that my men were bound beneath their wooly breasts. Last of all, came the young ram cumbered with his heavy fleece, and the weight of me and my cunning. The strong Cyclops laid his hands on him and spoke to him:

"Dear ram," he said, "pray tell me why you are the last of all to go forth from the cave. You are not wont to lag behind. Hitherto you have always been the first to pluck the tender blossoms

of the pasture, and you have been the first to go back to the fold at evening. But now you are the very last. Can it be that you are sorrowing for your master's eye which a wicked man blinded when he had overcome me with wine?

"Ah, if you could feel as I — if you could speak and tell me where he is hiding to shun my wrath — then I would smite him, and my heart would be lightened of the sorrows that he has brought upon me."

Then he sent the ram from him; and when we had gone a little way from the cave I loosed myself from under the ram, and then set my fellows free. Swiftly we drove the flock before us, and often turned to look about, till at last we came to the ship.



Ship in the Time of Homer.

Our companions greeted us with glad hearts, — us who had fled from death; and they were about to bemoan the others with tears when I forbade. I told them to make haste and take on board the well-fleeced sheep, and then sail away from that unfriendly shore. So they did as they were bidden, and when all was ready, they sat upon the benches, each man in his place, and smote the gray sea water with their oars.

But when we had not gone so far but that a man's shout could be heard, I called to the Cyclops and taunted him:

"Cyclops, you will not eat us by main might in your hollow cave! Your evil deeds, O cruel monster, were sure to find you out; for you shamelessly ate the guests that were within your gates, and now Jupiter and the other gods have requited you as you deserved."

Thus I spoke, and so great became his anger that he broke off the peak of a great hill and threw it at us, and it fell in front of the dark-prowed ship. And the sea rose in waves from the fall of the rock, and drove the ship quickly back to the shore. Then I caught up a long pole in my hands, and thrust the ship from off the land; and with a motion of the head, I bade them dash in with their oars, so that we might escape from our evil plight. So they bent to their oars and rowed on.

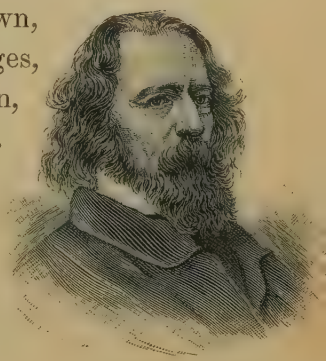
Such is the story which Ulysses told of his adventure with the giant Cyclops. Many and strange were the other adventures through which he passed before he reached his distant home; and all are related in that wonderful poem, the "Odyssey." This poem has been often translated into the English language. Some of the translations are in the form of poetry, and of these the best are the versions by

George Chapman, by Alexander Pope, and by our American poet William Cullen Bryant. The best prose translation is that by Butcher and Lang — and this I have followed quite closely in the story which you have just read.

THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern:
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down the valley;

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.



Alfred Tennyson.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles;

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow;

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake,
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;

I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers;

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows;

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky:
And through the fields the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot;
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges, trailed
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed,
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,

And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear,
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
Goes by to towered Camelot;
And sometimes through the mirror blue,
The knights come riding two and two: —
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirrored magic sights,
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot;

Or, when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed.
"I am half-sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bowshot from her bower eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight forever kneeled
To a lady in his shield
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazoned baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewelled shone the saddle leather,

The helmet and the helmet feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On burnished hooves his war horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror;
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote,
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse —
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance —
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —
The leaves upon her falling light —
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along

The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turned to towered Camelot;
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the waterside,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
A corse between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;

And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot;
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

This poem, by Alfred Tennyson, was written in 1832. Considered as a picture, or as a series of pictures, its beauty is unsurpassed. The story which is here so briefly told is founded upon a touching legend connected with the romance of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Tennyson afterwards (in 1859) expanded it into the *Idyll* called "Elaine," wherein he followed more closely the original narrative as related by Sir Thomas Malory.

Sir Lancelot was the strongest and bravest of the Knights of the Round Table, and for love of him Elaine, "the fair maid of Astolat," pined away and died. But before her death she called her brother, and having dictated a letter which he was to write, she spoke thus:

"'While my body is whole, let this letter be put into my right hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until I be cold, and let me be put in a fair bed with all my richest clothes that I have about me, and so let my bed and all my rich clothes be laid with me in a chariot to the next place whereas the Thames is, and there let me be put in a barge, and but one man with me, such as ye trust to steer me thither, and that my barge be covered with black samite over and over.' . . . So when she was dead, the corpse and the bed and all was led the next way unto the Thames, and there all were put in a barge on the Thames, and so the man steered the barge to Westminster, and there he rowed a great while to and fro, or any man espied."[1] At length the King and his Knights, coming down to the water side, and seeing the boat and the fair maid of Astolat, they uplifted the hapless body of Elaine, and bore it to the hall.

[1] Malory's "King Arthur," Book XVIII.

From the Painting by T. E. Rosenthal.

Engraved by Henry Wolf.

Elaine.

[See note, p. 77.]

LESSONS FROM NATURE'S BOOK.

Let us suppose that it is summer time, that you are in the country, and that you have fixed upon a certain day for a holiday ramble. Some of you are going to gather wild flowers, some to collect pebbles, and some without any very definite aim beyond the love of the holiday and of any sport or adventure which it may bring with it.

Soon after sunrise on the eventful day you are awake, and great is your delight to find the sky clear, and the sun shining warmly. It is arranged, however, that you do not start until after breakfast time, and meanwhile you busy yourselves in getting ready all the baskets and sticks and other gear of which you are to make use during the day. But the brightness of the morning begins to get dimmed. The few clouds which were to be seen at first have grown large, and seem evidently gathering together for a storm. And sure enough, ere breakfast is well over, the first ominous big drops are seen falling.

You cling to the hope that it is only a shower which will soon be over, and you go on with the preparations for the journey notwithstanding. But the rain shows no symptom of soon ceasing. The big drops come down thicker and faster. Little pools of water begin to form in the hollows of the

road, and the window panes are now streaming with rain. With sad hearts you have to give up all hope of holding your excursion to-day.

It is no doubt very tantalizing to be disappointed in this way when the promised pleasure was on the very point of becoming yours. But let us see if we can not derive some compensation even from the bad weather. Late in the afternoon the sky clears a little, and the rain ceases. You are glad to get outside again, and so we all sally forth for a walk. Streams of muddy water are still coursing along the sloping roadway. If you will let me be your guide, I would advise that we should take our walk by the neighboring river. We wend our way by wet paths and green lanes, where every hedgerow is still dripping with moisture, until we gain the bridge, and see the river right beneath us. What a change this one day's heavy rain has made! Yesterday you could almost count the stones in the channel, so small and clear was the current. But look at it now!

The water fills the channel from bank to bank, and rolls along swiftly. We can watch it for a little from the bridge. As it rushes past, innumerable leaves and twigs are seen floating on its surface. Now and then a larger branch, or even a whole tree trunk, comes down, tossing and rolling about on the

flood. Sheaves of straw or hay, planks of wood, pieces of wooden fence, sometimes a poor duck, unable to struggle against the current, roll past us and show how the river has risen above its banks and done damage to the farms higher up its course.

We linger for a while on the bridge, watching this unceasing tumultuous rush of water and the constant variety of objects which it carries down the channel. You think it was perhaps almost worth while to lose your holiday for the sake of seeing so grand a sight as this angry and swollen river, roaring and rushing with its full burden of dark water. Now, while the scene is still fresh before you, ask yourselves a few simple questions about it, and you will find perhaps additional reasons for not regretting the failure of the promised excursion.

In the first place, where does all this added mass of water in the river come from? You say it was the rain that brought it. Well, but how should it find its way into this broad channel? Why does not the rain run off the ground without making any river at all?

But, in the second place, where does the rain come from? In the early morning the sky was bright, then clouds appeared, and then came the rain, and you answer that it was the clouds which supplied the rain. But the clouds must have derived the water

from some source. How is it that clouds gather rain, and let it descend upon the earth?

In the third place, what is it which causes the river to rush on in one direction more than another? When the water was low, and you could, perhaps, almost step across the channel on the stones and gravel, the current, small though it might be, was still quite perceptible. You saw that the water was moving along the channel always from the same quarter. And now when the channel is filled with this rolling torrent of dark water, you see that the direction of the current is still the same. Can you tell why this should be?

Again, yesterday the water was clear, to-day it is dark and discolored. Take a little of this dirty-looking water home with you, and let it stand all night in a glass. To-morrow morning you will find that it is clear, and that a fine layer of mud has sunk to the bottom. It is mud, therefore, which discolors the swollen river. But where did this mud come from? Plainly, it must have something to do with the heavy rain and the flooded state of the stream.

Well, this river, whether in shallow or in flood, is always moving onward in one direction, and the mud which it bears along is carried toward the same point to which the river itself is hastening. While we sit on the bridge watching the foaming water as it

eddies and whirls past us, the question comes home to us — what becomes of all this vast quantity of water and mud?

Remember, now, that our river is only one of many hundreds which flow across this country, and that there are thousands more in other countries where the same thing may be seen which we have been watching to-day. They are all flooded when heavy rains come; they all flow downwards; and all of them carry more or less mud along with them.

As we walk homewards again, it will be well to put together some of the chief features of this day's experience. We have seen that sometimes the sky is clear and blue, with the sun shining brightly and warmly in it; that sometimes clouds come across the sky, and that, when they gather thickly, rain is apt to fall. We have seen that a river flows, that it is swollen by heavy rain, and that when swollen it is apt to be muddy. In this way we have learned that there is a close connection between the sky above us and the earth under our feet. In the morning, it seemed but a little thing that clouds should be seen gathering overhead; and yet, ere evening fell, these clouds led by degrees to the flooding of the river, the sweeping down of trees and fences and farm produce; and it might even be to the destruction of bridges, the inundation of fields and

villages and towns, and a large destruction of human life and property.

But perhaps you live in a large town and have no opportunity of seeing such country sights as I have been describing, and in that case you may naturally enough imagine that these things cannot have much interest for you. You may learn a great deal, however, about rain and streams even in the streets of a town. Catch a little of the rain in a plate, and you will find it to be so much clear water. But look at it as it courses along the gutters. You see how muddy it is. It has swept away the loose dust worn by wheels and feet from the stones of the street, and carried it into the gutters. Each gutter thus becomes like the flooded river. You can watch, too, how chips of straw, corks, bits of wood, and other loose objects lying in the street are borne away, very much as the trunks of trees are carried by the river. Even in a town, therefore, you can see how changes in the sky lead to changes on the earth.

If you think for a little, you will recall many other illustrations of the way in which the common things of everyday life are connected together. As far back as you can remember, you have been familiar with such things as sunshine, clouds, wind, rain, rivers, frost, and snow, and they have grown so commonplace that you never think of considering about

them. You cannot imagine them, perhaps, as in any way different from what they are; they seem, indeed, so natural and so necessary that you may even be surprised when any one asks you to give a reason for them.

But if you had lived all your lives in a country where no rain ever fell, and if you were to be brought to such a country as this, and were to see such a storm of rain as you have been watching to-day, would it not be very strange to you, and would you not naturally enough begin to ask the meaning of it? Or suppose that a boy from some very warm part of the world were to visit this country in winter, and see for the first time snow falling, and the rivers solidly frozen over, would you be surprised if he showed great astonishment? If he asked you to tell him what snow is, and why the ground is so hard, and the air so cold, why the streams no longer flow, but have become crusted with ice — could you answer his questions?

And yet these questions relate to very common, everyday things. If you think about them, you will learn, perhaps, that the answers are not quite so easily found as you had imagined. Do not suppose that because a thing is common, it can have no interest for you. There is really nothing so common as not to deserve your attention.

I would fain have you not to be content with what is said in books, whether small or great, but rather to get into the habit of using your own eyes and seeing for yourselves what takes place in this wonderful world of ours. All round you there is abundant material for this most delightful inquiry. No excursion you ever made in pursuit of mere enjoyment and adventure by river, heath, or hill, could give you more hearty pleasure than a ramble, with eyes and ears alike open to note the lessons to be learned from every day and from every landscape. Remember that besides the printed books which you use at home, or at school, there is the great book of Nature, wherein each of us, young and old, may read, and go on reading all through life without exhausting even a small part of what it has to teach us.

It is this book — about Air, Earth, and Sea — that I would have you look into. Do not be content with merely noticing that such and such events take place. For instance, to return to our walk to the flooded river: do not let a fact such as a storm or a flood pass without trying to find out something about it. Get into the habit of asking Nature questions. Never rest until you get at the reasons for what you notice going on around you.

— *Sir Archibald Geikie.*

THE GOODMAN OF BALLENGIECH.

Perhaps few books of Scottish history have been more generally read than the "Tales of a Grandfather," written seventy years ago by Sir Walter Scott for the amusement of his little grandson. These "Tales" are supposed to be taken from the old Scotch chronicles, and they relate, with many touches of romance, the stirring and most graphic incidents in the early history of Scotland. They embrace the stories of William Wallace, the patriot chief, and of brave King Robert Bruce, and of many another hero of Scotch history. The following account of King James V., who was the father of Mary, Queen of Scots, is taken from these "Tales."

James the Fifth had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order to hear complaints that might not otherwise reach his ears, and perhaps also to enjoy amusement which he could not have partaken of in his character as King of Scotland.

When James traveled in disguise he used a name which was known only to some of his nobles and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech.[1] Ballengiech is a steep

[1] Pronounced bal̤l'en gēēk.

pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling. Once upon a time, when the court was feasting in Stirling, the king sent for some venison from the neighboring hills. The deer were killed and put on horses' backs to be transported to Stirling.

Unluckily they had to pass the castle gates of Arnpryor, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who chanced to have a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company was rather short of victuals, though they had more than enough of liquor. The chief, seeing so much fat venison passing his very door, seized on it; and to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him it belonged to King James, he answered insolently that if James was king in Scotland, he, Buchanan, was king in Kippen, that being the name of the district in which the castle of Arnpryor lay.

On hearing what had happened, the king got on horseback and rode instantly from Stirling to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong, fierce-looking Highlander, with an ax on his shoulder, standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the king admittance, saying that the laird was at dinner and would not be disturbed. "Yet go up to the company, my good friend," said the king, "and tell him that the Goodman of Ballengiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen."

The porter went grumbling into the house and told his master that there was a fellow with a red beard at the gate, who called himself the Goodman of Ballengiech, and said he was come to dine with the King of Kippen. As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the king was come in person, and hastened down to kneel at James's feet and ask forgiveness for his insolent behavior. But the king, who only meant to give him a fright, forgave him freely, and going into the castle, feasted on his own venison which the chief had taken from his men. Buchanan of Arnpryor was ever afterwards called the King of Kippen.

Upon another occasion, King James, being alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gypsies, or other vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the bridge of Cramond; so the king got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked.

There was a poor farmer threshing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and, seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took the king's part with his flail, to such good purpose that the gypsies were obliged to fly. The farmer then took the king

into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way toward Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked.

On the way, the king asked his companion what and who he was. The man answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland. James then asked him if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly wish to have gratified; and honest John confessed he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a laborer.

He then asked the king in turn who *he* was, and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace; but he added that, if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavor to repay his manful assistance, and, at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and, appearing at a postern gate of the palace, inquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The king had given orders that he should be admitted; and John found his friend, the goodman, in the same

disguise which he had formerly worn. The king, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks.

At length James asked his visitor if he would like to see the king; to which John replied that nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offense. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the king would not be angry. "But," said John, "how am I to know his grace from the nobles who will be all about him?" — "Easily," replied his companion; "all the others will be uncovered — the king alone will wear his hat or bonnet."

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled with the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened, and drew close to his attendant, but was still unable to distinguish the king. "I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat," said the conductor. "Then," said John, after he had again looked around the room, "it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bareheaded."

The king laughed at John's fancy; and, that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess.

BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh hark! oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going!
Oh sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

SOME EXPERIENCES AT SEA.

THE FIRST DAYS OUT.

In 1834, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., then a young man of nineteen, made a voyage to California, which was at that time almost an unknown region. He went as a common sailor "before the mast"; and on his return he wrote a narrative of his experience, depicting in its true colors the real life of the sailor at sea. This narrative was published in a volume entitled "Two Years before the Mast," and is still regarded as one of the most interesting stories of its kind. The following is Mr. Dana's account of some of his first experiences at sea: —

A Full-rigged Ship.

"With all my imperfections on my head," I joined the crew. We hauled out into the stream, and came to anchor for the night. The next morning was Saturday; and, a breeze having sprung up from the southward, we took a pilot on board, hove up our anchor, and began beating down the bay.

I took leave of those of my friends who came to see me off, and had barely opportunity to take a last look at the city and well-known objects, as no time

is allowed on board ship for sentiment. As we drew down into the lower harbor, we found the wind ahead in the bay, and were obliged to come to anchor in the roads. We remained there through the day and a part of the night.

About midnight the wind became fair; and having called the captain, I was ordered to call all hands. How I accomplished this I do not know; but I am quite sure that I did not give the true, hoarse, boatswain call of "A-a-ll ha-a-a-nds! up anchor, a-ho-oy!" In a short time every one was in motion, the sails loosed, the yards braced, and we began to heave up the anchor, which was our last hold upon Yankee-land.

I could take but little part in these preparations. My little knowledge of a vessel was all at fault. Unintelligible orders were so rapidly given, and so immediately executed, there was such a hurrying about, such an intermingling of strange cries and stranger actions, that I was completely bewildered. There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life.

The first day we passed at sea was the Sabbath. As we were just from port, and there was a great deal to be done on board, we were kept at work all day. At night the watches were set, and everything put into sea order. I had now a fine time for reflec-

tion. I felt for the first time the perfect silence of the sea. The officer was walking the quarter-deck, where I had no right to go. One or two men were talking on the forecastle, whom I had little inclination to join; so that I was left open to the full impression of everything about me.

However much I was affected by the beauty of the sea, the bright stars, and the clouds driven swiftly over them, I could not but remember that I was separating myself from all the social and intellectual enjoyments of life. Yet, strange as it may seem, I did then and afterwards take pleasure in these reflections, hoping by them to prevent my becoming insensible to the value of what I was leaving.

But all my dreams were soon put to flight by an order from the officer to trim the yards, as the wind was getting ahead. I could plainly see, by the looks the sailors occasionally cast to windward, and by the dark clouds that were fast coming up, that we had bad weather to prepare for, and had heard the captain say that he expected to be in the Gulf Stream by twelve o'clock. In a few minutes "eight bells" was struck, the watch called, and we went below.

I now began to feel the first discomforts of a sailor's life. The steerage in which I lived was filled with coils of rigging, spare sails, old junk, and

ship stores, which had not been stowed away. Moreover, there had been no berths built for us to sleep in, and we were not allowed to drive nails to hang our clothes upon.

The sea, too, had risen, the vessel was rolling heavily, and everything was pitched about in grand confusion. I shortly heard the raindrops falling on deck, thick and fast. The watch had evidently their hands full of work, for I could hear the loud and repeated orders of the mate, the trampling of feet, the creaking of blocks, and all the indications of a coming storm.

When I got upon deck, a new scene and a new experience were before me. The little brig was close-hauled upon the wind, and lying over, as it then seemed to me, nearly upon her beam ends. The heavy head sea was beating against her bows with the noise and force almost of a sledge hammer, and flying over the deck, drenching us completely through. The topsail halyards had been let go, and the great sails were filling out and backing against the masts with a noise like thunder. The wind was whistling through the rigging, loose ropes flying about; loud, and to me unintelligible, orders were constantly given, and rapidly executed; and the sailors were "singing out" at the ropes in their hoarse and peculiar strains.

In addition to all this, I had not got my "sea legs on," was dreadfully sick, with hardly strength enough to hold on to anything; and it was pitch dark. This was my state when I was ordered aloft, for the first time, to reef topsails.

How I got along I cannot now remember. I "laid out" on the yards, and held on with all my strength. I could not have been of much service, for I remember having been sick several times before I left the topsail yard. Soon, however, all was snug aloft, and we were again allowed to go below.

THE KING AND THE REBEL.

In Spain there once lived two men each of whom claimed to be the rightful king. I do not remember their names, the time was so long ago, but to make the story easier to tell, let us call one Alfonso and the other John. Of course John declared that Alfonso was a traitor, and Alfonso said that John was a rebel and must be put down. At last, in a great battle, John overthrew his rival and made himself master of the country. But one strong town which Alfonso had intrusted to a knight called Aguilar still held out, and although John besieged it with all his army, he could not take it.

"You have done enough for honor," said King John one day to the knight. "Come, open the gates of the town to my army, and I promise that you shall not suffer."

"If you had read the history of our country," answered Aguilar, "you would have learned that no man of my family ever surrenders."

"Then I will starve you where you are!"

"Starve the eagle if you can," said the knight.

"I will put you and your town to the sword."

"Try it," was the reply, and the siege went on.

One morning, as the rising sun was beginning to gild with its rays the highest towers of the city, a trumpet sounded in the camp of the enemy. It was the signal for a parley. The old knight soon appeared on the wall and looked down on the king.

"Surrender," said King John again. "My rival Alfonso is dead, and our dispute is ended."

"Sir," said the knight, "I believe that you speak the truth, but I must see my dead master."

"Go, then, to Seville, where his body lies," said the king. "You have my word that no harm shall befall you."

The knight came out with banners flying and an escort of a few half-starved warriors. As he rode slowly along, the soldiers who knew of his courage and his many brave deeds, greeted him with loud

shouts and gazed after him until the red plume above his helmet disappeared in the distance.

As soon as he reached Seville, he went straight to the great church where he was told the body of his master was still lying in its open coffin. Gazing awhile with tearful eyes at the pale face which met his look, he thus spoke to the dead Alfonso: "Sir, I promised never to surrender to any one but yourself the keys of the town which you intrusted to my care. Here they are. I have kept my promise." With that, he laid the keys on the breast of his master, and then, mounting his steed, he galloped back to his post.

"Well," said the king, "are you satisfied, and are you willing to give up?"

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"But where are the keys of the town?"

"I have delivered them to my master, King Alfonso, and of him you may get them. Now I ride on, and we shall meet no more."

"Not so," said the king. "You shall hold the town for me and be its governor in my name."

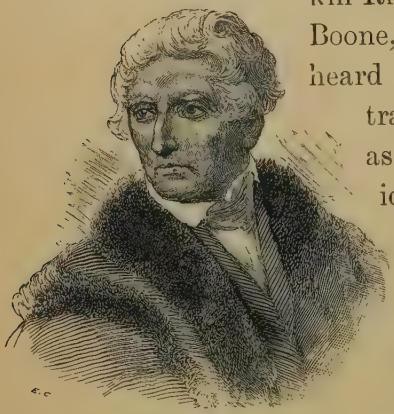
The followers of the king murmured, and complained at his thus rewarding a rebel. "He is no longer a rebel," said King John; "such men when won, become the best of subjects."

— *Charles E. A. Gayarré.*

DANIEL BOONE.

I.

The settlement of the wilderness beyond the Alleghany Mountains was promoted by native pioneers. In his peaceful habitation on the banks of the Yadkin River in North Carolina, Daniel Boone, the illustrious hunter, had heard Finley, a trader, describe a tract of land, west of Virginia, as the richest in North America, or in the world. In May, 1769, leaving his wife and offspring, having Finley as his pilot, and four others as companions, the young man, of about three and twenty, wandered forth through the wilderness of America "in quest of the country of Kentucky," known to the savages as "the dark and bloody ground." After a long and fatiguing journey through mountain ranges, the party found themselves in June on the Red River, a tributary of the Kentucky, and from the top of an eminence surveyed with delight the beautiful plain that stretched to the northwest. Here they built their shelter and began to reconnoiter the country, and to hunt.



Daniel Boone.

All the kinds of wild beasts that were natural to America — the stately elk, the timid deer, the antlered stag, the wild-cat, the bear, the panther, and the wolf — couched among the canes, or roamed over the rich grasses, which even beneath the thickest shade sprung luxuriantly out of the generous soil. The buffaloes cropped fearlessly the herbage, or browsed on the leaves of the reed, and were more frequent than cattle in the settlements of Carolina. Sometimes there were hundreds in a drove, and round the salt licks their numbers were amazing.

The summer in which, for the first time, a party of white men enjoyed the brilliancy of nature near and in the valley of the Elkhorn passed away in the occupations of exploring parties and the chase. But, one by one, Boone's companions dropped off, till he was left alone with John Stewart. They jointly found unceasing delight in the wonders of the forest, till, one evening near the Kentucky River, they were taken prisoners by a band of Indians, wanderers like themselves. They escaped, and were joined by Boone's brother; so that when Stewart was soon after killed by savages, Boone still had his brother to share with him the dangers and the attractions of the wilderness, the building and occupying of the first cottage in Kentucky.

In the spring of 1770 that brother returned to the

settlements for horses and supplies of ammunition, leaving the renowned hunter "by himself, without bread, or salt, or even a horse or dog." The idea of a beloved wife anxious for his safety, tinged his thoughts with sadness; but otherwise the cheerful, meditative man, careless of wealth, knowing the use of the rifle, not the plow, of a strong robust frame, in the vigorous health of early manhood, ignorant of books, but versed in the forest and in forest life, ever fond of tracking the deer on foot, away from men, yet in his disposition humane, generous, and gentle, was happy in the uninterrupted succession of sylvan pleasures. He held unconscious intercourse with beauty old as creation.

One calm summer's evening, as he climbed a commanding ridge, and looked upon the remote, venerable mountains and the nearer ample plains, and caught a glimpse in the distance of the Ohio, which bounded the land of his affections with majestic grandeur, his heart exulted in the region he had discovered. All things were still. Not a breeze so much as shook a leaf. He kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loin of a buck. He was no more alone than a bee among flowers, but communed familiarly with the whole universe of life. Nature was his intimate, and she responded to his intelligence.

For him the rocks and the fountains, the leaf and the blade of grass, had life; the cooling air laden with the wild perfume came to him as a friend; the dewy morning wrapped him in its embrace; the trees stood up gloriously round about him as so many myriads of companions. All forms wore the character of desire or peril. But how could he be afraid? Triumphing over danger, he knew no fear. The perpetual howling of the wolves by night round his cottage or his bivouac in the brake was his diversion; and by day he had joy in surveying the various species of animals that surrounded him. He loved the solitude better than the towered city or the hum of business.

Near the end of 1770, his faithful brother came back to meet him at the old camp. Shortly after they proceeded together to the Cumberland River, giving names to the different waters; and he then returned to his wife and children, fixed in his purpose, at the risk of life and fortune, to bring them as soon as possible to live in Kentucky, which he esteemed a second Paradise.

II.

In March, 1775, Daniel Boone, with a body of enterprising companions, proceeded to mark out a path up Powell's valley, and through the mountains and canebrakes beyond. On the twenty-fifth of the

month they were waylaid by Indians, who killed two men and wounded another very severely. Two days later the savages killed and scalped two more. "Now," wrote Daniel Boone, "is the time to keep the country while we are in it. If we give way now, it will ever be the case," and he pressed forward to the Kentucky River. There, on the first day of April, at the distance of about sixty yards from its west bank, near the mouth of Otter Creek, he began a stockade fort, which took the name of Boonesboro.

At that place, while the congress at Philadelphia was groping irresolutely in the dark, seventeen men assembled as representatives of the four "towns" that then formed the seed of the state. Among these children of nature was Daniel Boone, the pioneer of the party. His colleague, Richard Calloway, was one of the founders of Kentucky, and one of its early martyrs. The town of St. Asaph sent John Floyd, a surveyor, who emigrated from southwestern Virginia; an able writer, respected for his culture and dignity of manner; of innate good breeding; ready to defend the weak; heedless of his own life if he could recover women and children who had been made captive by the savages; destined to do good service, and survive the dangers of western life till American independence should be fought for and won.

From the settlement at Boiling Spring came James

Harrod, the same who, in 1774, had led a party of forty-one to Harrodsburg, and during the summer of that year had built the first log-cabin in Kentucky; a tall, erect, and resolute backwoodsman; unlettered but not ignorant; intrepid yet gentle; never weary of kind offices to those around him; a skillful hunter, for whom the rifle had a companionship, and the wilderness a charm.

These and their associates, the fathers of Kentucky, seventeen in all, met on the 23d of May, beneath the great elm tree of Boonesboro, outside of the fort, on the thick sward of the fragrant white clover. The convention having been organized, prayers were read by a minister of the Church of England. A speech was then delivered to the convention in behalf of the proprietary purchases of the land from the Cherokees. To it a committee, of which Calloway was the head, made reply. "Deeply impressed," they said, "with a sense of the importance of the trust our constituents have reposed in us, we will attempt the task with vigor, not doubting but unanimity will insure us success. That we have a right, as a political body, without giving umbrage to Great Britain, or any of the colonies, to frame rules for the government of our little society, cannot be doubted by any sensible or unbiased mind."

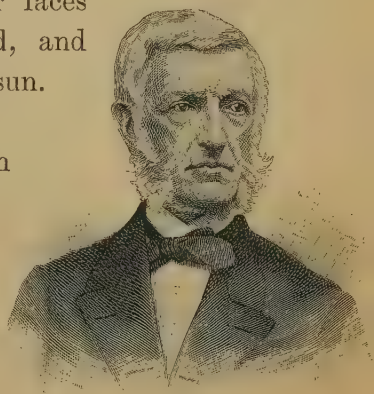
So reasoned the fathers of Kentucky. In their

legislation, it was their chief care to copy after the happy pattern of the English laws. Their colony they called Transylvania. For defense against the savages, they organized a militia; they discountenanced profane swearing and Sabbath breaking; they took thought for preventing the waste of game, and improving the breed of horses; and by solemn agreement they established as the basis of their constitution the annual choice of delegates; taxes to be raised by the convention alone; perfect religious freedom and general toleration.

Thus a little band of hunters put themselves at the head of the countless hosts of civilization in establishing the great principle of intellectual freedom. Long as the shadows of the western mountain shall move round with the sun, long as the rivers that gush from those mountains shall flow toward the sea, long as seedtime and harvest shall return, that rule shall remain the law of the West.

The state of Kentucky honors the memory of the plain, simple hearted man, who is best known as its pioneer. He was kindly in his nature, and never wronged a human being, not even an Indian, nor, indeed, animal life of any kind. "I with others have fought Indians," he would say; "but I do not know that I ever killed one. If I did, it was in battle, and I never knew it." In woodcraft he was

acknowledged to be the first among men. This led him to love solitude, and to hover on the frontier, with no abiding place, accompanied by the wife of his youth, who was the companion of his long life and travel. When, at last, death put them both to rest, Kentucky reclaimed their bones from their graves far up the Missouri; and now they lie buried on the hill above the cliffs of the Kentucky River, overlooking the lovely valley of the capital of that commonwealth. Around them are emblems of wilderness life; the turf of the blue grass lies lightly above them; and they are laid with their faces turned upward and westward, and their feet toward the setting sun.



George Bancroft.

Such is the account which George Bancroft, the first of American historians, gives of Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky, and of the founding of the commonwealth of which Boone was the earliest and most distinguished promoter. Few other works have contributed so much to the dignity and distinction of our literature as has Bancroft's "History of the United States," from which this extract has been taken.

FULTON'S FIRST STEAMBOAT.

It is common to speak of Robert Fulton as the inventor of the steamboat. Other persons before him, however, had experimented with machinery for propelling vessels by steam. They had met with but little success or encouragement, and it was left for Fulton to demonstrate the practical value of steam as a means of propulsion and to show the superiority of steamboats to vessels depending solely upon the wind for motive power. Robert Fulton was born in Pennsylvania in 1765. He began his experiments with steam in 1793, and his first successful steamboat, the "Clermont," was launched on the Hudson in 1807. The trip from New York to Albany occupied thirty-two hours, the rate of speed being about five miles an hour. Mr. Fulton himself has left us the following account of the trial of his boat: —

Robert Fulton.

When I was building my first steamboat, the project was viewed by the public at New York either with indifference or contempt, as a vision-

ary scheme. My friends indeed were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet —

> "Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land?
> All shun, none aid you, and few understand."

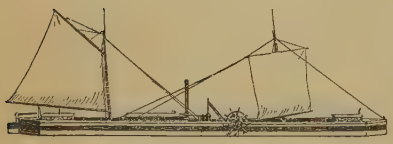
As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building yard while my boat was in progress, I often loitered, unknown, near the idle groups of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh rose at my expense; the dry jest, the wise calculations of losses and expenditure; the dull but endless repetition of "*the Fulton folly!*" Never did an encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish cross my path.

At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be made. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I wanted my friends to go on board and witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest they did it with reluctance, fearing to be partakers of my mortification and not of my triumph.

The moment approached in which the word was

to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped and became immovable.

To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent and agitation, and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, "I told you so — it is a foolish scheme. I wish we were well out of it." I elevated myself on a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time.



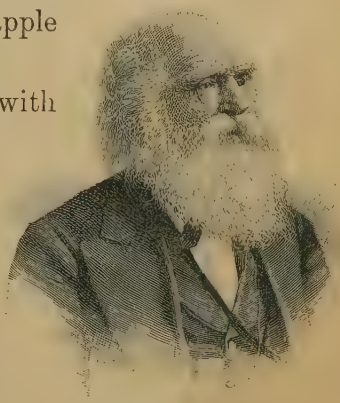
The "Clermont."

This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below and examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight defect in a part of the work. This was soon remedied; the boat was put again in motion; she continued to move on. All were still incredulous; none seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses.

We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of

the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; yet even then imagination superseded the force of fact. It was doubted if it could be done again.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.



William Cullen Bryant.

Come, let us plant the apple tree!
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast

Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest.
We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors.
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop when gentle airs come by
That fan the blue September sky,
While children, wild with noisy glee,
Shall scent their fragrance as they pass
And search for them the tufted grass
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when above this apple tree
The winter stars are quivering bright,

And winds go howling through the night,
Girls whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth;
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the orange and the grape,
As fair as they in tint and shape,
The fruit of the apple tree.

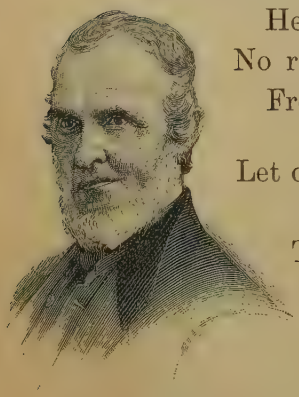
The fruitage of this apple tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And they who roam beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day
And long hours passed in summer play
In the shade of the apple tree.

But time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh! when its aged branches throw
Their shadows on the world below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the task of mercy be
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple tree?

"Who planted this old apple tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple tree."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE CORN SONG.



John G. Whittier.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,

To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot, midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,
And winter winds are cold,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
  Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk
  By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
  Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
  And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
  Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
  Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
  Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
  The wheatfield to the fly.

But let the good old crop adorn
  The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
  Send up our thanks to God.

—*John G. Whittier.*

HUNTING THE WALRUS.

The walrus is one of the largest animals still extant, and although the element of personal danger is not so great in hunting it as in hunting some beasts of lesser bulk, yet the conditions under which

Walruses at Home.

the sport is pursued, as well as the nature of the sport itself, are such as will probably tempt one who has once tried this form of sport to return to it.

An average-sized four-year-old walrus will measure ten feet in length and about the same in girth. The weight is, of course, difficult to determine; but it is probably about 3000 pounds, of which 350 pounds may be reckoned as blubber, and 300 pounds as hide.

The blubber, to be utilized, is mixed with that of the seals which may be obtained, and the oil, which is extracted by heat and pressure, sold as "seal oil"; the hide, which is from an inch to an inch and a half in thickness, and makes a soft, spongy leather, is exported principally to Russia and Germany, where it is used for making harness and other heavy leather goods.

The walrus is a carnivorous animal, feeding mostly upon shellfish and worms, and is therefore generally found in the shallow waters along a coast line, diving for its food on banks which lie at a depth of from two to twenty fathoms below the surface. Deeper than that the walrus does not care to go; in fact, it generally feeds in about fifteen fathoms.

The tusks are principally used to plow up the bottom in search of food, but are also employed as weapons, and in climbing upon the ice. They are composed of hard white ivory, set for about six inches of their length in a hard bony mass, about six inches in diameter, which forms the front of the head; the breathing passage runs through this mass, and terminates in two "blow holes" between the roots of the tusks. The tusk itself is solid, except that portion which is imbedded in the bone, and this is filled with a cellular structure containing a whitish oil.

A walrus killed in the water immediately sinks; even if mortally wounded, it will in nine cases out of ten escape, and sink to the bottom. When on the ice, these animals always lie close to the water, and it is therefore necessary to kill them instantly, or they will reach the water and be lost before the boat can arrive within harpooning distance. This can only be done by shooting them in such a way as to penetrate the brain, which is no easy matter. The brain lies in what appears to be the neck; that which one would naturally suppose to be the head being nothing but the heavy jaw bones, and mass of bone in which the tusks are set.

What becomes of the walrus in winter it is hard to say; but I have heard them blowing in an open pool of water among the ice on the north coast of Spitzbergen in the month of December. In the spring, however, when the ice begins to break up, they collect in herds on their feeding grounds around the coasts, where they may be found diving for shell-fish, or basking and sleeping, singly or in "heaps" of two or three, often five or six, together.

They seem to prefer to lie on small cakes of flat bay ice; a single walrus will often take his siesta on a cake only just large enough to float him, and it is among such ice, therefore, rather than among rough old pack and glacier blocks, that they should be

sought, although I have seen them lying on heavy old water-worn ice, four and five feet above the water. In this case, however, they had no choice.

The boats of the walrus hunters are strongly yet lightly built. They are bow-shaped at both ends; the stem and stern posts are made thick and strong in order to resist the blows of the ice, and the bow sheathed with zinc plates to prevent excessive chafing. It is most important that they should be easy and quick in turning, and this quality is obtained by depressing the keel in the middle. They are painted red inside and white outside, so that they may not be conspicuous amongst ice, but the hunters stultify this idea to some extent by dressing themselves in dark colors.

The harpoon, the point and edges of which are ground and whetted to a razor-like sharpness, is a simple but very effective weapon. When thrust into a walrus or seal, a large outer barb "takes up" a loop of the tough hide, whilst a small inner fishhook barb prevents it from becoming disengaged, so that when once properly harpooned, it is seldom, if ever, that an animal escapes through the harpoon "drawing." The harpoon line consists of sixteen fathoms of two-inch tarred rope, very carefully made of the finest hemp, "soft laid"; each line is neatly coiled in a separate box placed beneath the forward thwart.

A boat's crew consists of four or five men, and the quickness with which they can turn their boat is greatly accelerated by their method of rowing and steering. Each man rows with a pair of oars, which he can handle much better than one long one when amongst ice.

The harpooner, who commands the boat's crew, rows from the bow thwart, near the weapons and telescope, which he alone uses. It is he who searches for game, and decides on the method of attack when it is found. "No. 2," generally the strongest man in the boat, is called the "line man"; it is his duty to tend the line when a walrus is struck, and to assist the harpooner.

In such a boat, then, one lovely September morning, we are rowing easily back to the sloop, which is lying off Bird Bay, a small indentation in the east face of the northernmost point of Spitzbergen. The harpooner is balancing himself, one foot on the forward locker, and one on the thwart, examining through a telescope something which appears to be a lump of dirty ice, about half a mile away. Suddenly he closes his glass and seizes the oars. "There he is!" he says, and without another word the boat is headed for the black mass.

Now we are within a couple of hundred yards, and each man crouches in the bottom of the boat, the

harpooner still in the bow, his eyes intently fixed upon the walrus. Suddenly the walrus raises his head, and we are motionless. It is intensely still, and the scraping of a piece of ice along the boat seems like the roar of a railway train passing overhead on some bridge. Down goes the head, and we glide forward again. The walrus is uneasy; again and again he raises his head and looks round with a quick motion, but we have the sun right at our back, and he never notices us.

At last we are within a few feet, and with a shout of "Wake up, old boy!" which breaks the stillness like a shot, the harpooner is on his feet, his weapon clasped in both hands above his head. As the walrus plunges into the sea, the iron is buried in his side, and, with a quick twist to prevent the head from slipping out of the same slit that it has cut in the thick hide, the handle is withdrawn and thrown into the boat. Bumping and scraping amongst the floating ice, we are towed along for about five minutes, and then stop as the wounded walrus comes to the surface to breathe.

In the old days the lance would finish the business, but now it is the rifle. He is facing the boat; I sight for one of his eyes, and let him have both barrels, without much effect apparently, for away we rush for two or three minutes more, when he is up

again, still facing the boat. He seems to care no more for the solid "Express" bullets than if they were peas; but he is slow this time, and, as he turns to dive, exposes the fatal spot at the back of the head, and dies.

Few men are likely ever to forget the first occasion on which they found themselves amongst a herd of walrus in the water. Scores of fierce-looking heads — for the long tusks, small bloodshot eyes, and moustache on the upper lip (every bristle of which is as thick as a crow quill) give the walrus an expression of ferocity — gaze, perhaps in unbroken silence, from all sides upon the boat. See! the sun glints along a hundred wet backs, and they are gone.

Away you row at racing speed to where experience tells you they will rise again. "Here they are! Take that old one with long tusks first!" A couple of quick thrusts, right and left, and away you go again, fast to two old fellows that will want a good deal of attention before you can cut their tusks out. Indeed, unless one has served his apprenticeship, he had better not meddle with the harpoon at all. The old skippers and harpooners can spin many a yarn of lost crews and boats gone under the ice through a fatal moment's delay in cutting free from the diving walrus.

— From "Big Game Shooting."

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

I. HISTORY.

Volcanoes can never be trusted. No one knows when one will break out, or what it will do; and those who live close to them — as the city of Naples is close to Mount Vesuvius — must not be astonished if they are blown up or swallowed, as that great and beautiful city of Naples may be without a warning, any day.

For what happened to that same Mount Vesuvius about eighteen hundred years ago in the old Roman times? For ages and ages it had been lying quiet, like any other hill. Beautiful cities were built at its foot — cities filled with people who were as handsome and as comfortable and, I am afraid, as wicked as any people ever were on earth. Fair gardens, vineyards, and olive yards covered the mountain slopes. It was held to be one of the Paradises of the world.

As for the mountain's being a volcano, who ever thought of that? To be sure, the top of it was a great round crater, or cup, a mile or more across, and a few hundred yards deep. But that was all overgrown with bushes and wild vines full of deer and other wild animals. What sign of fire was there in that? To be sure, also, there was an ugly place

below, by the seashore, where smoke and brimstone came out of the ground; and a lake called Avernus, over which poisonous gases hung. But what of that? It had never harmed any one, and how could it harm them?

So they all lived on, merrily and happily enough, till the year A.D. 79. At that time there was stationed in the Bay of Naples a Roman admiral, called Pliny, who was also a very studious and learned man, and author of a famous old book on natural history. He was staying on shore with his sister; and as he sat in his study, she called him out to see a strange cloud which had been hanging for some time over the top of Mount Vesuvius. It was in shape just like a pine tree; not, of course, like the pines which grow in this country, but like an Italian stone pine, with a long straight stem and a flat parasol-shaped top.

Sometimes it was blackish, sometimes spotted; and the good Admiral Pliny, who was always curious about natural science, ordered his rowboat and went away across the bay to see what it could be. Earthquake shocks had been very common for the last few days, but I do not suppose that Pliny thought that the earthquakes and the cloud had anything to do with each other. However, he soon found out that they had; and to his cost. When

he was near the opposite shore, some of the sailors met him and begged him to turn back. Cinders and pumice stones were falling down from the sky, and flames were breaking out of the mountain above. But Pliny would go on: he said that if people were in danger it was his duty to help them; and that he must see this strange cloud, and note down the different shapes into which it changed.

But the hot ashes fell faster and faster; the sea ebbed out suddenly, and almost left them on the beach; and Pliny turned away towards a place called Stabiæ, to the house of an old friend who was just going to escape in a boat. Brave Pliny told him not to be afraid; ordered his bath like a true Roman gentleman, and then went in to dinner with a cheerful face. Flames came down from the mountain, nearer and nearer as the night drew on; but Pliny persuaded his friend that they were only fires in some villages from which the peasants had fled; and then went to bed and slept soundly.

However, in the middle of the night, they found the courtyard being fast filled with cinders, and if they had not awakened the Admiral in time, he would never have been able to get out of the house.

The earthquake shocks grew stronger and fiercer, till the house was ready to fall; and Pliny and his

From a Photograph

Engraved by E. Heinemann.

Mount Vesuvius during an Eruption.

friend, and the sailors and the slaves, all fled into the open fields, having pillows over their heads to prevent their being beaten down. By this time, day had come, but not the dawn: for it was still pitch dark. They went down to their boats upon the shore; but the sea raged so horribly that there was no getting on board of them.

Then Pliny grew tired and made his men spread a sail for him that he might lie down upon it. But there came down upon them a rush of flames and a strong smell of sulphur, and all ran for their lives.

Some of the slaves tried to help the Admiral; but he sank down again, overpowered by the brimstone fumes, and so was left behind. When they came back again, there he lay dead; but with his clothes in order, and his face as quiet as if he had been only sleeping. And that was the end of a brave and learned man, a martyr to duty and to the love of science.

But what was going on in the meantime? Under clouds of ashes, cinders, mud, lava, three of those happy cities — Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiæ — were buried at once. They were buried just as the people had fled from them, leaving the furniture and the earthenware, often even jewels and gold behind, and here and there a human being who had not had

time to escape from the dreadful rain of ashes and dust.

The ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii have been dug into since, and partly uncovered; and the paintings, especially in Pompeii, are found upon the walls still fresh, preserved from the air by the ashes which have covered them in. At Naples there is a famous museum containing the curiosities which have been dug out of the ruined cities; and one can walk along the streets in Pompeii and see the wheel tracks in the pavement along which carts and chariots rolled two thousand years ago.

And what had become of Vesuvius, the treacherous mountain? Half, or more than half, of the side of the old crater had been blown away; and what was left, which is now called the Monte Somma, stands in a half circle round the new cone and the new crater which is burning at this very day. True, after that eruption which killed Pliny, Vesuvius fell asleep again, and did not awake for one hundred and thirty-four years, and then again for two hundred and sixty-nine years; but it has been growing more and more restless as the ages have passed on, and now hardly a year passes without its sending out smoke and stones from its crater, and streams of lava from its sides.

— *From "Madam How and Lady Why," by Charles Kingsley.*

II. ROMANCE.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

The most popular historical romance in the English language is "The Last Days of Pompeii," by Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton. It was first published in 1834, and is a narrative depicting life and manners during the last years of the doomed city. The description of the grand catastrophe is a subject which called forth all the brilliant powers of the author. As a piece of word-painting it has seldom been surpassed.

The cloud which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivaled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depths of a southern sky, — now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent, — now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of

smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch — then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the vapors seemed like the bodily forms of gigantic foes — the agents of terror and of death.

The ashes in many places were already knee-deep; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt — the footing seemed to slide and creep

From the Painting by J. Coomans. Engraved by E. Heinemann.

Interior of a House in Pompeii.

— nor could chariot or litter be kept steady even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved, for several houses and even vineyards had been set on flames; and at various intervals the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, such as the porticoes of temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavored to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them, and the sudden darkness into which their sudden birth was converted had something in it doubly terrible and doubly impressing on the impotence of human hopes, the lesson of despair.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying towards the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hastening by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden

with the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation.

Through this awful scene did Glaucus wade his way, accompanied by Ione and the blind girl. Suddenly, a rush of hundreds, in their path to the sea, swept by them. Nydia was torn from the side of Glaucus, who with Ione was borne rapidly onward; and when the crowd (whose forms they saw not, so thick was the gloom) were gone, Nydia was still separated from their side. Glaucus shouted her name. No answer came. They retraced their steps, — in vain: they could not discover her, — it was evident she had been swept along some other direction by the human current. Their friend, their preserver was lost! And hitherto Nydia had been their guide. Her blindness rendered the scene familiar to her alone. Accustomed, through a perpetual night, to thread the windings of the city, she had led them unerringly towards the seashore, by which they had resolved to hazard an escape. Now, which way could they wend? All was rayless to them — a maze without a clue. Wearied, despondent, bewildered, they, however, passed along, the ashes falling upon their

heads, the fragmentary stones dashing up in sparkles before their feet.

Advancing, as men grope for escape in a dungeon, they continued their uncertain way. At the moments when the volcanic lightnings lingered over the streets, they were enabled, by that awful light, to steer and guide their progress: yet, little did the view it presented to them cheer or encourage their path. In parts where the ashes lay dry and unmixed with the boiling torrents, cast upward from the mountain at capricious intervals, the surface of the earth presented a leprous and ghastly white. In other places, cinder and rock lay matted in heaps.

The groans of the dying were broken by wild shrieks of women's terror — now near, now distant — which, when heard in the utter darkness, were rendered doubly appalling by the sense of helplessness and the uncertainty of the perils around; and clear and distinct through all were the mighty and various noises from the Fatal Mountain; its rushing winds; its whirling torrents; and, from time to time, the burst and roar of some more fiery and fierce explosion.

Suddenly the place became lighted with an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of

hell, the mountain shone — a pile of fire. Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather, above its surface there seemed to rise two monster shapes, each confronting each, as Demons contending for a World. These were of one deep blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere far and wide; but *below*, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded, save in three places, adown which flowed, serpentine and irregular, rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on, as towards the devoted city. Over the broadest there seemed to spring a cragged and stupendous arch, from which, as from the jaws of hell, gushed the sources of the stupendous Phlegethon. And through the stilled air was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, hurling one upon another as they were borne down the fiery cataracts — darkening, for one instant, the spot where they fell, and suffused the next in the burnished hues of the flood along which they floated.

Glaucus turned in awe, caught Ione in his arms, and fled along the street, that was now intensely luminous. But suddenly a duller shade fell over the air. Instinctively he turned to the mountain, and behold! one of the two gigantic crests, into which the summit had been divided, rocked and wavered to and fro; and then, with a sound, the mightiness of

which no language can describe, it fell from its burning base, and rushed, an avalanche of fire, down the sides of the mountain. At the same instant gushed forth a volume of blackest smoke — rolling on, over air, sea, and earth.

Another — and another — and another shower of ashes, far more profuse than before, scattered fresh desolation along the streets. Darkness once more wrapped them as a veil; and Glaucus, his bold heart at last quelled and despairing, sank beneath the cover of an arch, and, clasping Ione to his heart, resigned himself to die.

Meanwhile Nydia, when separated by the throng from Glaucus and Ione, had in vain endeavored to regain them. In vain she raised that plaintive cry so peculiar to the blind; it was lost amidst a thousand shrieks of more selfish terror. Again and again she returned to the spot where they had been divided — to find her companions gone, to seize every fugitive — to inquire of Glaucus — to be dashed aside in the impatience of distraction. Who in that hour spared one thought to his neighbor?

At length it occurred to Nydia that, as it had been resolved to seek the seashore for escape, her most probable chance of rejoining her companions would be to persevere in that direction. Guiding her steps, then, by the staff which she always carried, she con-

tinued to avoid the masses of ruin which incumbered the path, and to take the nearest direction to the seaside.

She had gone some distance toward the seashore, when she chanced to hear from one of the fugitives that Glaucus was resting beneath the arch of the forum. She at once turned her back on the sea, and retraced her steps to the city. She gained the forum — the arch; she stooped down — she felt around — she called on the name of Glaucus.

A weak voice answered, "Who calls on me? Is it the voice of the Shades? Lo! I am prepared!"

"Arise! follow me! Take my hand! Glaucus, thou shalt be saved!"

In wonder and sudden hope, Glaucus arose. "Nydia still! Ah! thou, then, art safe!".

The tender joy of his voice pierced the heart of the poor Thessalian, and she blessed him for his thought of her.

Half-leading, half-carrying Ione, Glaucus followed his guide. After many pauses they gained the sea, and joined a group, who, bolder than the rest, resolved to hazard any peril rather than continue in such a scene. In darkness they put forth to sea; but, as they cleared the land and caught new aspects of the mountain, its channels of molten fire threw a partial redness over the waves.

Utterly exhausted and worn out, Ione slept on the breast of Glaucus, and Nydia lay at his feet. Meanwhile the showers of dust and ashes, still borne aloft, fell into the wave, and scattered their snows over the deck. Far and wide, borne by the winds, those showers descended upon the remotest climes, startling even the swarthy African, and whirled along the antique soil of Syria and Egypt.

And meekly, softly, beautifully dawned at last the light over the trembling deep, — the winds were sinking into rest, — the foam died from the glowing azure of that delicious sea. Around the east, their mists caught gradually the rosy hues that heralded the morning. Light was about to resume her reign. Yet, still, dark, and massive in the distance lay the broken fragments of the destroying cloud, from which red streaks, burning more and more dimly, betrayed the yet rolling fires of the mountain of the "Scorched Fields." The white walls and gleaming columns that had adorned the lovely coasts were no more. Sullen and dull were the shores so lately crested by the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The darlings of the Deep were snatched from her embrace. Century after century shall the mighty Mother stretch forth her azure arms, and know them not — moaning round the sepulchers of the Lost!

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn — and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the pewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes — oh! painful proof —
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard — the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with these orchard trees;
And when your children crowd their knees
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart;
To youthful sport still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The meadows with their lowing herds,
The woodbine on the cottage wall —
My heart still lingers with them all.
Ye strangers on my native sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still.

— *Thomas Buchanan Read.*

OUR COUNTRY.

Sweet clime of my kindred, blest land of my birth!
The fairest, the dearest, the brightest on earth!
Where'er I may roam — howe'er blest I may be,
My spirit instinctively turns unto thee!

I. WHAT IS OUR COUNTRY?

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what *is* our country? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages and her harvest home, with her frontiers of the lakes and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn; with her beautiful Ohio and her verdant Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice field. *What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family*, OUR COUNTRY?

—*Thomas Grimke.*

II. LIBERTY AND UNION.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and the honor of the whole country, and the preservation of the Federal Union. I have not allowed myself to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind; I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder; I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depths of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind!

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant,

belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards"; but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea, and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." — *Daniel Webster.*

III. THE POLICY OF PEACE.

A peaceful intercourse with the nations of the earth points to that inspiring day which philosophers have hoped for, which poets have seen in their bright dreams of fancy, and which prophets have beheld in holy vision — when men shall learn war no more. Who can contemplate a state of the world like this and not feel his heart exult at the prospect? I am against war, because peace — peace is, above

everything else, our policy. Our great mission as a people is to occupy this vast dominion — to level the forests and let in upon their solitudes the light of day; to clear the swamps and make them ready for the plow and the sickle; to spread over hill and dale the echoes of human labor and human happiness; to fill the land with cities and towns; to unite its most distant points by turnpikes and railroads; to scoop out canals and open rivers that may serve as highways for trade.

If we can preserve peace, who shall set bounds to our prosperity or our success? With one foot planted on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific, we occupy a position between the two old continents of the world — a position which necessarily secures to us the commerce and the influence of both. If we abide by the counsels of common sense, if we succeed in preserving our liberties, we shall in the end exhibit a spectacle such as the world never saw.

I know that this one great mission is encompassed with many difficulties; but such is the energy of our political system, and such is its expansive capability, that it may be made to govern the widest space. If by war we become great, we cannot be free; if we will be both great and free, our policy is peace.

—*John C. Calhoun.*

A LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

"The Sketch Book" is a collection of short tales, sketches, and essays, written by Washington Irving, and published in 1820. Most of the sketches are descriptive of English manners and scenery, but the popularity of the book in this country is chiefly due to two well-known stories of American life, "Rip Van Winkle" and "A Legend of Sleepy Hollow." The scenes of both stories are located in the valley of the Hudson River, not far from New York. They are most picturesquely told, and rank high among the best productions of their kind in American literature. Here is the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," which we have abridged in order to adapt it to the readers of this volume: —

Washington Irving.

I. THE SCHOOLMASTER.

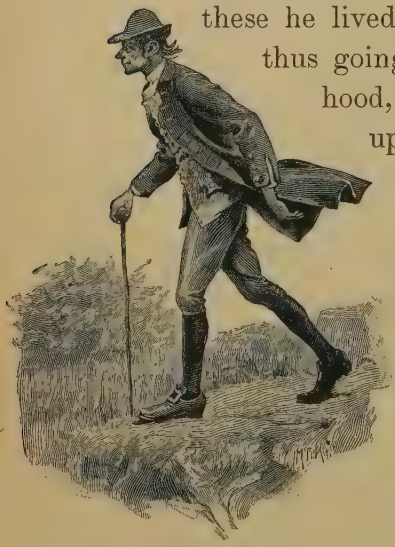
In a remote period of American history, there lived in Sleepy Hollow a worthy man whose name was Ichabod Crane. He sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried" in that quiet little valley for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicin-

ity. He was a native of Connecticut. He was tall, but very lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, and feet that might have served as shovels. His head was small, with huge ears, large glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose. To see him striding along the crest of a hill on a windy day, with his ill-fitting clothes fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for some scarecrow escaped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely built of logs. It stood in a rather lonely but pleasant place, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a birch tree growing near one end of it. From this place of learning the low murmur of children's voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard on a drowsy summer day like the hum of a beehive. Now and then this was interrupted by the stern voice of the master, or perhaps by the appalling sound of a birch twig, as some loiterer was urged along the flowery path of knowledge.

When school hours were over, the teacher forgot that he was the master, and was even the companion and playmate of the older boys; and on holiday afternoons, he liked to go home with some of the smaller ones who happened to have pretty sisters, or mothers noted for their skill in cooking. Indeed, it

was a wise thing for him to keep on good terms with his pupils. He earned so little by teaching school, that he would scarcely have had enough to eat, had he not, according to country custom, boarded at the houses of the children whom he instructed. With these he lived, by turns, a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly goods tied up in a cotton handkerchief.



Ichabod Crane.

He had many ways of making himself both useful and agreeable. He helped the farmers in the lighter labors of their farms, raked the hay at harvest time, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and he would often sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

He was a man of some importance among the women of the neighborhood, being looked upon as a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage of finer tastes

and better manners than the rough young men who had been brought up in the country. He was always welcome at the tea table of a farmhouse; and his presence was almost sure to bring out an extra dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or the parade of a silver tea-pot. He was happy, too, in the smiles of all the young ladies. He would walk with them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays; gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; or sauntering with a whole bevy of them along the banks of the adjacent mill pond; while the bashful country youngsters hung sheepishly back and hated him for his fine manners.

Another of his sources of pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the wives of the Dutch farmers, as they sat spinning by the fire with a long row of apples roasting and sputtering along the hearth. He listened to their wondrous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or "Galloping Hessian of the Hollow," as they sometimes called him. And then he would entertain them with stories of witchcraft, and would frighten them with woeful speculations about comets and shooting stars, and by telling them that the world did really turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy.

There was pleasure in all this while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a room that was lighted by the ruddy glow from a crackling wood fire, and where no ghost dared show its face; but it was a pleasure dearly bought by the terrors which would beset him during his walk homewards. How fearful were the shapes and shadows that fell across his way in the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted specter, beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dread to look over his shoulder lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

II. THE INVITATION.

On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he watched the doings of his little school. In his hand he held a ferule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the stool, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk were sundry contraband articles

taken from idle urchins, such as half-eaten apples, popguns, whirligigs, and fly cages. His scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master, and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom.

This stillness was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trowsers, who, mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, came clattering up to the schoolhouse door. He brought an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merrymaking, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at the house of Mynheer Van Tassel; and having delivered his message, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons. Those who were nimble skipped over half without being noticed; and those who were slow were hurried along by a smart application of the rod. Then books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down; and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, the children yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early freedom.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing his best and only suit of rusty black, and arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance at the party in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was boarding, and, thus gallantly mounted, rode forth, like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a slender neck, and a head like a hammer. His mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs. One eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other still gleamed with genuine wickedness. He must have had plenty of fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gunpowder.

Ichabod was a rider suited for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his elbows stuck out like a grasshopper's; and as the horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his

black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shambled along the highway; and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

Ichabod and Gunpowder.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day. The sky was clear and serene. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frost into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air. The bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubblefields.

The small birds fluttered, chirping and frolicking from bush to bush, and tree to tree, gay and happy because of the plenty and variety around them. There were the twittering blackbirds, flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his

crimson crest and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipped wings and yellow-tipped tail; and the blue jay, in his gay, light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples, —some still hanging on the trees, some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market, others heaped up in rich piles for the cider press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding. There, too, were multitudes of yellow pumpkins turning up their yellow sides to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies. And anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the beehive; and as he beheld them, he dreamed of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina, the daughter of Mynheer Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some

of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine, golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple-green, and from that into the deep-blue of the midheaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides.

III. THE "QUILTING FROLIC."

It was toward evening when Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Herr Van Tassel. He found it thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country, — old farmers, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles; their brisk little dames, in close-crimped caps, long-waisted gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside; buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, showed signs of city innovations; the sons, in short, square-skirted coats with rows of huge brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if an eel-skin could be had

for that purpose, it being esteemed as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

What a world of charms burst upon the gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion — the ample charms of a Dutch country tea table, in the sumptuous time of autumn! Such heaped-up platters of cakes, of various and indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, and the crisp, crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes; and then there were apple pies, and peach pies, and pumpkin pies; and slices of ham and smoked beef; and dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens, together with bowls of milk and cream; all mingled, higgledy-piggledy, — with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst! I want breath and time to describe this banquet as I ought, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry, but did ample justice to every dainty.

And now, supper being ended, the sound of music from the common room summoned to the dance. The musician was an old, gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood

for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped away on two or three strings, moving his head with every movement of the bow, and stamping his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself on his dancing. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? And pretty Katrina Van Tassel, the lady of his heart, was his partner in the dance, smiling graciously in reply to all his gallant remarks. When the dance was over, Ichabod joined a circle of the older folks, who, with Mynheer Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, and told stories of the war and wild and wonderful legends of ghosts and other supernatural beings. Some mention was made of a woman in white that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on wintry nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite specter of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country. One man told how he had once met the horseman returning from a foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get

up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge by the church, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw him into the brook, and sprang away over the treetops with a clap of thunder. A wild, roystering young man, who was called Brom Bones, declared that the headless horseman was, after all, no rider compared with himself. He said that returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and would have won it, too, but just as they came to the church bridge, the specter bolted and vanished in a flash of fire.

Katrina Van Tassel.

The party now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains; and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along

the silent woodlands, growing fainter and fainter till they gradually died away, and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod alone lingered behind, to have a parting word with the pretty Katrina. What he said to her, and what was her reply, I do not know. Something, however, must have gone wrong; for he sallied forth, after no great length of time, with an air quite desolate and chopfallen.

IV. THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod pursued his travel homewards. In the dead hush of midnight he could hear the barking of a dog on the opposite shore of the Hudson, but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of the distance between them. No signs of life occurred near, but now and then the chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories that Ichabod had heard about ghosts and goblins, now came crowding into his mind. The night grew darker and darker. The stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, more-

over, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large as the trunks of ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the ground, and rising again into the air.

As Ichabod approached this tree, he began to whistle. He thought his whistle was answered: it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. Coming a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree. He paused, and ceased whistling, but, on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been struck by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan. His teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle. It was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen. A few rough logs laid side by side served for a bridge over this stream. To pass this bridge was the severest trial; for it was here

that the unfortunate André had been captured, and under covert of the thicket of chestnuts and vines by the side of the road, had the sturdy yeomen, who surprised him, lain concealed. The stream has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As Ichabod approached the stream his heart began to thump. He gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and tried to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod jerked the rein on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot. It was all in vain. His steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the trees, he beheld something huge, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? Summoning up a show of courage, he called out in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones and the headless horseman, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod drew up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind; the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him. There

was something in the moody and dogged silence of his companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for.

On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless; but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle. His terror rose to desperation. He rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip; but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing, at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

Just as he had got halfway through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and Ichabod felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and tried to hold it firm, but in vain. He had just time to save himself by clasping Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of its owner's wrath passed across his mind, for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears. He had much ado to keep his seat, sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone with a violence that was far from pleasant.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hope that the church bridge was at hand. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him. He even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod tried to dodge

the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash. He was tumbled headlong into the dust; and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast. Dinner hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. An inquiry was set on foot, and after much investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road by the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt. The tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin. The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered.

As Ichabod was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. It is true, an old farmer, who went down to New York on a visit several years after, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that

he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and the farmer whose horse he had ridden, and partly for other reasons; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country, had kept school and studied law at the same time, had written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who, shortly after the schoolmaster's disappearance, had married the blooming Katrina Van Tassel, was observed to look very knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin, which led some to suppose that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watchworn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While Memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise:
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses — all hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest:
"O God! thou hast blessed me; I ask for no more."

Ah! what is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now 'larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting death in the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock — he flies to the deck!
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck;
The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave!

O sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost work of bliss.
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright —
Thy parents' fond pressure, and Love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed, and unhonored, down deep in the main
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye: —
O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

— *William Dimond.*

THE SANDS O' DEE.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land —
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair —
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.

They brought her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea.
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee. — *Charles Kingsley.*

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

I. BLOCK BOOKS.

Six hundred years ago every book was written by hand; for the art of printing was then unknown. If there were pictures, they were drawn with a pen or painted with a brush. It required a great deal of labor and time to make a book; and when it was finished, it was so costly that only a very rich person could afford to own it.

There were no bookstores such as we have now, and books were very few. But in the great schools and large monasteries there were men called *scriptores*, or copyists, whose business it was to make written copies of such works as were in demand. There were other men called illuminators who ornamented the books with beautiful initials and chapter headings, and sometimes encircled the pages with borders made with ink of different colors.

At last some copyist who had several copies to make of the same book thought of a new plan. He carved a copy of each page on a block of wood. If there was a picture, he carved that too, much in the same way that wood engravings are made now. When the block was finished, it was carefully wetted with a thin, inky substance; then a sheet of paper was laid upon it and pressed down till an impression

of the carved block was printed upon it. Each page was treated in the same way, but the paper could be printed only on one side. When all were finished, the leaves were stitched together and made into a book. It was not as handsome a book as those written with pen and ink; but, after the block had once been engraved, the copyist could make fifty copies of it in less time than he could make one by hand.

Books made in this way were called block books. It required much time and a great deal of skill to engrave the blocks; and so this method of printing never came into very general use.

II. LAURENCE COSTER

About the beginning of the fifteenth century there lived in the old Dutch town of Haarlem a man whose name was Laurence Jaonssen. This man was much looked up to by all his neighbors; for he was honest and wealthy, and he had been in his younger days the treasurer of the town. He was the sacristan of the Church of St. Bavon, and for that reason he was called Laurence Coster, which means Laurence the Sacristan. As he grew old and gray, he became very quiet in his ways, and there was nothing that he liked so well as being alone, with the bright sun above him and the trees and flowers and birds all around him.

Every afternoon, as soon as he had dined, he threw his short black cloak over his shoulders, took his broad-brimmed hat from its peg, and with his staff in his hand sauntered out for a walk. Sometimes he strolled along the banks of the broad and sluggish river, picking flowers as he went; sometimes he rambled through the fields and came home by the great road which led around to the other side of the town. But he liked best to go out to the old forest which lay beyond the flat meadow lands a mile farther away. There the trees grew large and tall, and afforded a pleasant shelter on warm days from the sun, and in cooler weather from the keen winds that blow across the meadows from the sea.

When tired of walking, Laurence Coster would often sit down on the spreading root of some old beech tree; and then, to pass away the time, he would split off a piece of the bark, and with his knife would shape it into one of the letters of the alphabet. This was an old habit of his — a habit which he had learned when he was a boy; and afterwards, when he was just turning into manhood, it had been no uncommon thing for him to stroll into the woods and carve upon the trees the name of a young maiden whom he knew. Now, old and gray and solemn, the habit still remained with him. He liked to sit and cut out alphabets for

the amusement of his little grandchildren to whom he carried them.

One day, having shaped the letters with more care than usual, he wrapped them up in a piece of parchment that he had in his pocket. "The children will be delighted with these, I know," he said.

When he reached home and opened the package, he was surprised to see the imprint of several of the letters very clear and distinct upon the parchment. The sap, running out of the green bark, had acted as ink on the face of the letters. This accident set him to thinking.

He carved another set of letters with very great care, and then, dipping one side in ink, pressed them on a sheet of parchment. The result was a print, almost as good as the block pictures and block books which were sold in the shops, and were the only examples of printing then known.

"I really believe," said Laurence Coster, "that with enough of these letters I could print a book. It would be better than printing by the block method; for I would not be obliged to cut a separate block for each page, but could arrange and rearrange the letters in any order that might be required."

And so now, instead of idling his afternoons away, and instead of cutting letters merely for the children, he set earnestly to work to improve his invention.

He made a kind of ink that was thicker and more gluey than common ink, and not so likely to spread and leave an ugly blot. He carved a great many letters of various sizes, and found that with his improved ink he could make clear, distinct impressions, and could print entire pages, with cuts and diagrams and fancy headings.

After a while he thought of making the letters of lead instead of wood; and finally he found that a mixture of lead and tin was better than pure lead, because it was harder and more durable. And so, year after year, Laurence Coster toiled at the making of types and the printing of books. Soon his books began to attract attention, and as they were really better and cheaper than the block books, there was much call for them.

Some of the good people of Haarlem were greatly troubled because the old gentleman spent so much of his time at such work.

"He is bewitched," said some.

"He has sold himself to the evil one," said others.

"No good thing will ever come out of this business," said they all.

III. JOHN GUTENBERG.

One day when Laurence Coster was making his first experiments in printing, a young traveler, with

a knapsack on his back and a staff in his hand, came trudging into Haarlem.

"My name is John Gutenberg, and my home is at Mayence," he said to the landlord of the inn where he stopped.

"And pray what may be your business in our good city of Haarlem?" asked the landlord.

"I am trying to gain knowledge by seeing the world," was the answer. "I have been to Rome and Venice and Genoa; I have visited Switzerland and all the great cities in Germany; and now I am on my way through Holland to France."

"What is the most wonderful thing that you have seen in your travels?" asked the landlord.

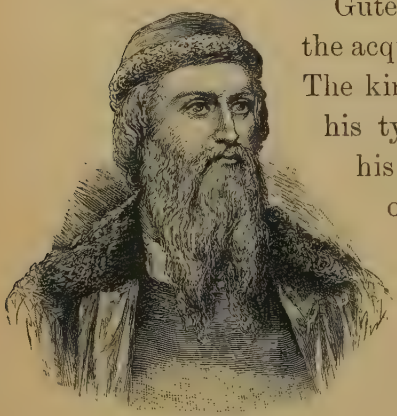
"There is nothing more wonderful to me than the general ignorance of the people," said Gutenberg. "They seem to know nothing about the country in which they live; they know nothing about the peoples of other lands; and, what is worse, they know nothing about the truths of religion. If there were only some way to make books more plentiful, so that the common people could buy them and learn to read them, a great deal of this ignorance would be dispelled. Ever since I was a mere youth at school, this thought has been in my mind."

"Well," said the landlord, "we have a man here in Haarlem who makes books; and, although I know

nothing about them myself, I have been told that he makes them by a new method, and much faster and cheaper than they have ever been made before."

"Who is this man? Tell me where I can find him!" cried Gutenberg.

"His name is Laurence Coster, and he lives in the big house which you see over there close by the market place. You can find him at home at all hours of the day; for, since he got into this mad way about printing, he never walks out."



John Gutenberg.

Gutenberg lost no time in making the acquaintance of Laurence Coster. The kind old gentleman showed him his types, and told him all about his plans; and when he brought out a Latin Grammar which he had just finished, Gutenberg was filled with wonder and delight.

"This is what I have so long hoped for," he said. "Now knowledge will fly on the wings of truth to the uttermost parts of the earth!"

Many different stories have been told about the way in which Gutenberg set to work to improve the art of printing. One relates that, after having

gained the confidence of Laurence Coster, he stole all his types and tools and carried them to Mayence, where he opened a workshop of his own. Another story is as follows:

After seeing Laurence Coster's work, he was so impatient to be doing something of the kind himself that he left Haarlem the next morning and hurried to Strasburg. There he shut himself up in a room which he rented, and set to work to carry out the plans which he had in mind. With a knife and some pieces of wood he made several sets of movable type, and arranging them in words and sentences, strung them together upon pieces of wire. In this way he was able to print more rapidly than by Laurence Coster's method, where each letter, or at most each word, was printed separately.

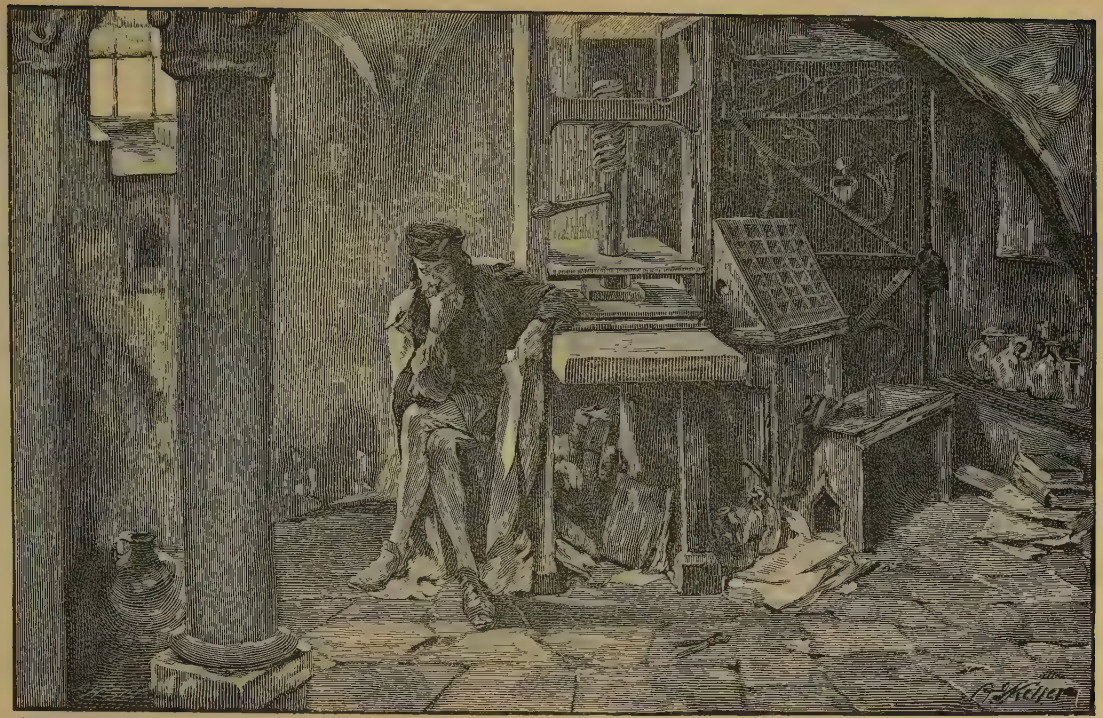
He soon set up a shop in an old ruined monastery just outside of the town, and began work as a jeweler. He polished precious stones, and he dealt in mirrors which he mounted in frames of carved wood. He did this partly to earn a livelihood, and partly to conceal the greater projects which he had in hand. In a dark secluded corner of the monastery he fitted up another workshop where he could secretly carry on his experiments in printing. There, behind bolts and bars and a thick oaken door, he spent all of his spare time with his types.

Little by little, Gutenberg made improvements in his art. He invented methods for making letters of metal that were better than any that Laurence Coster had used. He learned how to mix inks of various colors. He made brushes and rollers for inking the types; "forms" for keeping the letters together when arranged for printing; and at last a press for bringing the paper into contact with the inked type.

IV. THE TWO VOICES.

Whether awake or asleep, John Gutenberg's mind was always full of his great invention. One night as he sat looking at a sheet that he had printed on his first press, he thought that he heard two voices whispering near him. One of the voices was soft and musical and very pleasant to hear; the other was harsh and gruff and full of discordant tones. The gentle voice spoke first.

"Happy, happy man!" it said. "Go on with your great work, and be not discouraged. In the ages to come, men of all lands will gain knowledge and become wise by means of your great invention. Books will multiply until they are within the reach of all classes of people. Every child will learn to read. And to the end of time, the name of John Gutenberg will be remembered."



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller.

Engraved by E. Heineman.

Gutenberg and his Printing Press.

Then the harsh voice spoke: "Beware! beware! and think twice of what you are doing. Evil as well as good will come from this invention upon which you have set your heart. Instead of being a blessing to mankind, it will prove to be a curse. Pause and consider before you place in the hands of sinful and erring men another instrument of evil."

Gutenberg's mind was filled with distress. He thought of the fearful power which the art of printing would give to wicked men to corrupt and debase their fellow-men. He leaped to his feet, he seized his hammer, and had almost destroyed his types and press when the gentle voice spoke again, and in accents loud enough to cause him to pause.

"Think a moment," it said. "God's gifts are all good, and yet which one of them is not abused and sometimes made to serve the purposes of wicked men. What will the art of printing do? It will carry the knowledge of good into all lands; it will promote virtue; it will be a new means of giving utterance to the thoughts of the wise and the good."

Gutenberg threw down his hammer and set to work to repair the mischief that he had done. But scarcely had he put his printing machine in good order when other troubles arose. He was in debt, and he had difficulties with the town officers. His goods were seized upon; his types were destroyed;

and he was at last obliged to return penniless to his old home in Mayence.

V. JOHN FUST.

In Mayence, Gutenberg had an old friend named John Fust, who was a goldsmith and very rich. With this man he soon formed a partnership, and a printing office much better than the one at Strasburg was set up. Several books, most of them on religious subjects, were printed and sent out, and the business was soon in a flourishing condition.

But Gutenberg's troubles were not yet ended. There were a great many people who were opposed to his new way of making books. The copyists who made their living by transcribing books were very bitter against it because it would destroy their business. They formed a league to oppose the printers, and before long drove Gutenberg out of Mayence.

After wandering to various places in Germany, he at last gained the friendship of Adolphus, the Elector of Nassau, who took a great interest in his plans. A press was set up at the court of the Elector, and there Gutenberg worked for several years, printing volume after volume with his own hands. But his invention did not bring him wealth. When he died at the age of sixty-nine years, he left no property but a few books which he had printed.

His partner, John Fust, had been much more fortunate. He had set up another press at Mayence, and in spite of the copyists and their friends was printing many books, and reaping great profits from their sale. One summer he printed some Bibles and took them to Paris to sell. They looked very much like the manuscript copies made by the copyists, for it was to the interest of the printers to pass off their books as manuscripts. People were astonished when Fust offered to sell his Bibles at sixty crowns, while the copyists demanded five hundred. They were still more astonished when he produced them as fast as they were wanted, and finally lowered the price. The copyists were very bitter against him.

"He is a magician!" they cried. "No one but a magician could do this." And so the officers were sent to arrest him and search his rooms. They found a great many Bibles and some red ink.

"There is no doubt about it," said the officers. "This is blood, and the man is a magician."

In order to save himself from being burned as a wizard, Fust was obliged to go before the Parliament of Paris and tell all about his new method of making books, and how he used the red ink for embellishing the borders of the pages.

It was thus that the art of printing by movable types first became known to the world.

THE WANDERER

Eugene Field.

Upon a mountain height far from the sea
I found a shell,
And to my listening ear the lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

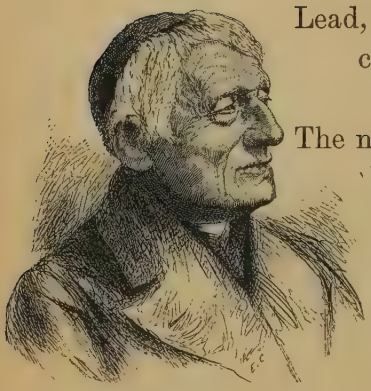
How came the shell upon that mountain height?
Ah, who can say?
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand
Or whether there cast when Ocean left the Land
Ere the Eternal had ordained the Day.

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep
One song it sang, —
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide, —
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And, as the shell upon the mountain height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away, —
So do I ever, wandering where I may —
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home, of thee!

— *Eugene Field.*

LEAD THOU ME ON.



Cardinal Newman.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home, —
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

— *John Henry Newman.*

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song, all were here; and, when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty

behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his midday throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious Source he bent, in humble, though blind, adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted, forever, from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

— *Charles Sprague.*

THE PASSING OF KING ARTHUR.

Whether there ever was a real King Arthur, or whether he lived only in the imagination of story-tellers and song writers, no one can tell. This much is true, however, that the history of his exploits and those of his Knights of the Round Table has existed in poetry and song for now almost a thousand years.

Long before there were any English books worth speaking of, the story of King Arthur was sung and recited by wandering bards to delighted listeners in the halls and castles of Old England. In the course of time it was written down in poetry and in prose; it was turned into French, and from the French back into English again; other stories were added to it, and it became the most popular romance ever composed. In 1470, a knight whose name was Sir Thomas Malory made a version of it in what was then good English prose, taking it, as he said, "out of a certain book of French." This version has ever since been the one book to which all who would know the story of King Arthur have turned; it is the mine from which later writers have derived materials for their works. It is written in a style which, although old-fashioned and quaint, is wonderfully simple and beautiful.

One of the most touching passages in the story is that which tells how King Arthur, having fought his last battle, lay wounded upon the ground; and how, being deserted by all the knights except Sir Bedivere, he waited for the coming of fairy messengers to bear him away to the island valley of Avilion. Here is the passage, not in the exact words of Sir Thomas Malory, but repeated, somewhat after his manner, in words of modern usage.

"My hour is near at hand," said the king to Sir Bedivere. "Therefore, take thou my good sword Excalibur, and go with it to yonder water side; and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw it in that water, and then come and tell me what thou hast seen."

"My lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your bidding shall be done, and I will come quickly and bring you word."

So Sir Bedivere departed, and as he went he looked at that noble sword, and saw that the hilt and guard were covered with precious stones; and then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword into the water, no good shall ever come of it, but only harm and loss."

Then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And as soon as he might, he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water side, and had thrown the sword into the water.

"What sawest thou there?" said the king.

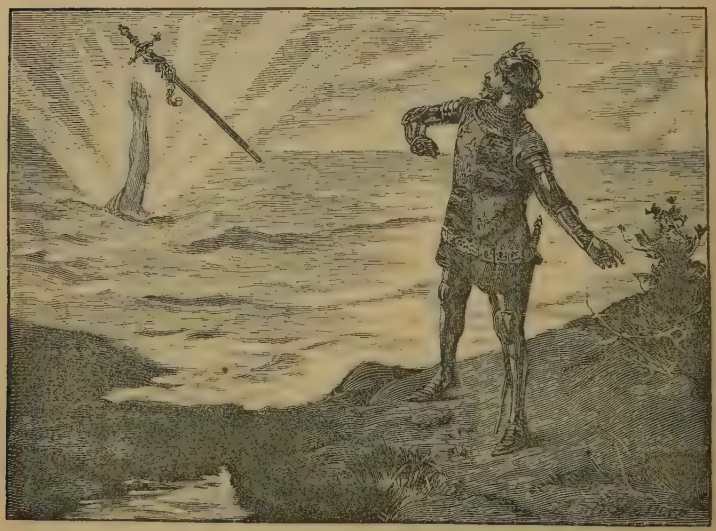
"Sir, I saw nothing but waves and winds."

"Thou speakest not the truth," said the king. "Therefore, go quickly again and do my bidding; and as thou art dear to me, spare not, but throw the sword in."

Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand. But when he looked at it he

thought it a sin and a shame to throw away so noble a sword. And so, after he had hidden it again, he came back and told the king that he had been at the water and had done his bidding.

"What sawest thou there?" said the king.



And there came an arm and a hand above the water.

"Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but the waves lapping on the beach, and the water rising and falling among the reeds."

"Ah, traitor untrue," said King Arthur, "now thou hast betrayed me twice. Who would have thought that thou, who hast been so near and dear to me and art called a noble knight, would betray

me for the riches of the sword? But now go again quickly, for I am chilled with cold, and my life is in danger through thy long delay. And if thou dost not do my bidding, and I ever see thee again, I will slay thee with my own hands; for thou, for the sake of my rich sword, would see me dead."

Then Sir Bedivere departed; and he quickly took the sword and went to the water side. Then he wrapped the belt about the hilt, and threw the sword as far into the water as he could. And there came an arm and a hand above the water, and caught the sword, and shook it thrice and brandished it. Then the hand, with the sword, vanished in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king and told him what he had seen.

"Alas," said the king, "help me from this place; for I fear that I have tarried too long."

Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and carried him to the water side. And when they came to the water, a little barge was seen floating close by the bank; and in the barge were many fair ladies, and among them was a queen. All these wept and cried out when they saw King Arthur.

"Now put me into the barge," said the king; and this Sir Bedivere did, with tenderness and care.

And three of the fair ladies received him with great mourning. Then that one who was the queen

said: "Ah, dear brother, why have you staid so long? Alas, I fear lest this wound on your head has been chilled over much with the cold!"

Then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere watched them. And he cried: "Ah, my lord Arthur! What shall become of me, now you go away and leave me here alone among my enemies?"

"Comfort thyself," said the king, "and do the best thou canst, for I can no longer give thee help. For I go now into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. If thou never hear more of me, pray for my soul."

But the ladies and the queen wept and cried in a way that was piteous to hear. And when Sir Bedivere lost sight of the barge, he wept bitterly; and, weeping, he went into the forest, where he wandered all that long night.

"Some men yet say," continues Sir Thomas Malory, "that King Arthur is not dead, but taken by the will of our Lord into another place. And men say that he shall come again and shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say that in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb a verse in Latin, which when turned into English, is this: 'Here lieth Arthur, that was and is to be King.'"

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

George Bancroft: An American historian. Born at Worcester, Massachusetts, 1800; died, 1891. Wrote "History of the United States from the Discovery of the Continent" (10 vols.).

Daniel Boone: The pioneer of Kentucky. Born in Pennsylvania, 1735; died in Missouri, 1820.

William Cullen Bryant: An eminent American poet. Born in Massachusetts, 1794; died, 1878. Wrote "Thanatopsis" and many other short poems. Was one of the editors of the "Evening Post" (New York) for more than fifty years.

John C. Calhoun: An eminent American statesman and orator. Born in South Carolina, 1782; died, 1850.

Richard Henry Dana, Jr.: An American lawyer and author. Born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1815; died, 1868.

Charles Dickens: An English novelist. Born at Landport, England, 1812; died, 1870. His best novel is generally conceded to be "David Copperfield."

William Dimond: An English poet, remembered only for his "Mariner's Dream." Died, about 1837.

Eugene Field: An American author. Born in St. Louis, 1850; died in Chicago, 1895. Wrote "A Little Book of Western Verse," "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," etc.

Robert Fulton: An American inventor. Born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, 1765; died, 1815.

Charles E. A. Gayarré: An American historian. Born in Louisiana, 1805; died, 1895. Wrote a "History of Louisiana," and several other works.

Sir Archibald Geikie: A Scottish geologist. Born in Edinburgh, 1835. Has written "The Story of a Boulder," "A

Class Book of Physical Geography," and many other popular and scientific works on geological subjects.

Thomas Grimke: An American lawyer and philanthropist. Born in South Carolina, 1786; died, 1834.

Nathaniel Hawthorne: A distinguished American author. Born at Salem, Massachusetts, 1804; died, 1864. Wrote "The Scarlet Letter," "The Marble Faun," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Wonder Book," "Tanglewood Tales," etc. His style has been said to possess "almost every excellence — elegance, simplicity, grace, clearness, and force."

Homer: The reputed author of the two great poems, the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Supposed to have been born at Smyrna, or Chios, about one thousand years before Christ. The "Iliad" has been called "the beginning of all literature."

Washington Irving: An American author and humorist. Born in New York, 1783; died, 1859. Wrote "The Sketch Book," "History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker," "Tales of a Traveler," "The Alhambra," "Columbus and his Companions," "Mahomet and his Successors," and many other works.

Charles Kingsley: An English clergyman and writer. Born in Devonshire, 1819; died, 1875. Wrote "Hypatia," "Westward Ho!" "The Heroes," "The Water Babies," "Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet," "Madame How and Lady Why," several poems, and a volume of sermons.

Sir Edwin Landseer: The most famous of modern painters of animals. Born in London, 1802; died, 1873. His pictures of dogs and horses have seldom, if ever, been surpassed.

Edward George Bulwer-Lytton, Baron Lytton: A British novelist and poet. Born in Norfolk, England, 1803; died, 1873. Wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," and many other novels; also, several volumes of poems, and two dramas, "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu."

Sir Thomas Malory: A Welsh or English Knight, remem-

bered for his noble prose epic, "Morte d'Arthur," which he translated from the French. Born, about 1430.

John Henry Newman: An eminent English theologian. Born in London, 1801; died, 1890. Wrote many religious and controversial works, and a few beautiful hymns. In 1879 he was made cardinal-deacon in the Roman Catholic Church.

John Ruskin: A distinguished English author and art critic. Born in London, 1819. Has written "The Stones of Venice," "Sesame and Lilies," "Ethics of the Dust," "The Queen of the Air," "Crown of Wild Olive," "Præterita," and many other works, chiefly on subjects connected with art.

Sir Walter Scott: A celebrated novelist and poet. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, 1771; died, 1832. Wrote the "Waverley Novels," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lady of the Lake," "Tales of a Grandfather," and many other works.

Charles Sprague: An American poet. Born in Boston, 1791; died 1875. Wrote several short poems, most of which are now forgotten.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson: Poet laureate of England. Born in Lincolnshire, 1809; died, 1892. Wrote "Idylls of the King," "In Memoriam," "The Princess," and many shorter poems; also the dramas "Queen Mary," "Harold," and "Becket."

Daniel Webster: American statesman and orator. Born in New Hampshire, 1782; died, 1852. His most famous orations are those on Bunker Hill, Adams and Jefferson, and his "Reply to Hayne."

John Greenleaf Whittier: A distinguished American poet. Born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, 1807; died, 1892. Wrote many volumes of poetry, including "In War Time," "Snow-Bound," "Mabel Martin," "The King's Missive," and others.

Samuel Woodworth: An American journalist and poet. Born in Massachusetts, 1785; died, 1842. He is remembered chiefly for his little poem "The Old Oaken Bucket."

WORD LIST.

THE MOST DIFFICULT WORDS IN THE PRECEDING LESSONS PRONOUNCED AND DEFINED.

KEY TO THE MARKS OF PRONUNCIATION.

ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, long; **ă, ĕ, ĭ, ŏ, ŭ, ў,** short; **câre, ärm, ásk, a̤ll; fẽrn; fôrm, són; ru̇de, fu̇ll, ûrn; fo͝od, bo͝ok; çinder; ġentle; chasm; thin; them; ink.**

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a băn′don. To give up; relinquish.

ăb′bot. The ruler of an abbey.

a brĭdged′. Shortened.

a bўss′. A bottomless gulf. [tened.

ac çĕl′erated. Quickened; has-

ăc′çi dent. A sudden and unexpected event.

a chiēved′. Done; accomplished.

ac knowl′edged (ăk nŏl′ĕjd). Assented to; owned as a fact. [light.

ăd mi rā′tion. Wonder and de-

ăf fĕct′ed. Moved; influenced.

ăġ i tā′tion. Emotion; excitement.

a lo͞of′. Away from. [ishment.

a māze′ment. Wonder; aston-

ăm′ber. Yellowish.

ăm′bling. Going at an easy gait.

ăm mu nĭ′tion. Articles used in charging firearms.

ăm′ple. Sufficient. "Ample prospects" = wide or extended views.

a nŏn′. "Ever and anon" = frequently; often.

ăn′ti quāt ed. Old-fashioned.

ăn tīque′ (ăn tēe̤k′). Old; ancient. [deer.

ăn′tlered. Having horns like a

ăp pa̤ll′ing. Terrible; fearful.

ăp pâr′ent ly. Clearly; seemingly. [pearance; a ghost.

ăp pa rĭ′tion. A wonderful ap-

ăp pli cā′tion (of the rod). The act of laying on.

ăp point′ed. Set apart; named; established.

ăp prĕn′tĭçe ship. Service under the legal agreement for the purpose of learning a trade or art. [out.

ăs çer tāined′. Learned; found

ăs′pens. Poplar trees of a certain kind, the leaves of which are moved by the slightest breeze.

ăs sa̤ult′ed. Attacked; set upon with violence. [part.

à stẽrn′. At the stern or hinder

at most = at the greatest estimate. [matter.

ăt′om. The smallest particle of

a̤u′di ble. That can be heard.

a̤u′di ence. An assembly of hearers.

a̤ vĕnġe′. To inflict punishment upon evil doers for an injury to one's self or friends.

ba̤l′dric. A broad belt worn over one shoulder and under the opposite arm.

bär. The legal profession. "Admitted to the bar" = authorized to practice law in the courts.

bā′sĭs. Foundation; groundwork.

bȧsk′ing. Lying in a warm place.

bāy. "Leaves of bay" = leaves of the laurel tree.

be dīght′. Dressed.

bĕl lĭġ′er ent. Warlike.

be stōwed′. Placed; used; imparted.

be wĭl′dered. Greatly perplexed.

be wĭtched′. Charmed; entranced.

bĭck′er. To move quickly.

bĭlġe wa̤ ter. Water in the hold of a ship.

bĭrch (of jŭs tice). A tough, slender twig, used in school for punishment.

biv′ouac (bĭv′wăk). An encampment for the night without tents or covering.

blā′zoned. Displayed in bright colors; published far and wide.

blŭb′ber. The fat of whales and other large sea animals, from which oil is obtained.

blŭsh′ing gŏb′let. A goblet or glass full of red wine.

bōat′swain (bō′s'n). An officer who has charge of the boats of a ship.

bŏnds′man. A slave.

bow′er. A lady's private apartment; a shady recess.

brāke. A thicket; a place overgrown with shrubs.

brăm′bly. Full of briers.

brăn′dished. Shook or flourished.

broa̤d′side. A discharge at the same time of all the guns on one side of a ship.

bŭc cȧ nēērs′. Robbers upon the sea. [mass.

bṳl′lion. Gold or silver in the

bûrgh'er. Townsman; villager.
bûr'nished. Polished.
bûrnt ŏf'fer ing. Something offered and burnt on an altar as an atonement for sin.
bŭx'om. Stout and rosy.
cāne'brakes. Thickets of canes.
ca prĭç'ious. Changeable; freakish.
căr nĭv'or ous. Flesh-eating.
cāse'ment. A window sash opening on hinges.
căt'a răct. A waterfall.
çĕl'lu lar. Containing cells.
chăsms (kăzmz). Deep openings in the earth.
chŏp'fal len. Dejected; downcast.
chrŏn'i cles. Historical account of facts arranged in regular order.
chûrls. Countrymen; laborers.
çîr cŭm'fer ençe. The distance around.
çîr'cum stăn çes. Facts; events.
clēave. Separate; divide.
clōse hauled. Moving as nearly as possible toward the wind.
clūe. A thread; means of guidance.
coin'aġe. The act of making pieces of money from metal.
cŏm bŭs'ti ble. That can be burned.
cŏm mŏd'i ties. Things bought [and sold.
cŏm'mon wĕalth. A state; the public.
cŏm mūned'. Talked together.
cŏm mū ni cā'tion. Intercourse; news.
cŏm pen sā'tion. Payment; [reward.
cŏm'pli cat ed. Complex; combined in an intricate manner.
cŏm pound'ed. Put together; [mixed.
cŏn çēd'ed. Gave up; yielded.
cŏn çĕp'tions. Ideas; notions.
cŏn fĕrred'. Gave; bestowed.
cŏn frŏnts'. Meets face to face.
con spĭc'u ous. Plain; distinct.
con stĭt'u ents. Component parts.
cŏn'tra band. Prohibited; forbidden.
coōt. A bird resembling a duck.
cŏp'y ist. One who copies.
cor rŭpt'. To change from good to bad; depraved.
coun'te nançe. Face; appearance.
crā'ni um. The skull.
crā'ter. The opening or mouth of a volcano.
cre dū'li ty. Readiness of belief.
crŏpped. Grazed. "Hair cropped close" = hair cut short.
crouched. Stooped low, as an animal when waiting for prey.

cûr′dled. Coagulated; thickened. "Curdling awe" = awe that thickens the blood in the veins.

cŭs tō′di an. A keeper; guard-[ian.

de clĕn′sion. A falling. "Declension of spirits" = loss of cheerfulness.

dĕm′on strāte. To explain; point out.

de nounçe′. To accuse; threaten.

de prĕss′ing. Pressing down; humbling.

de scrīed′. Saw; beheld.

de ṣerts′ (de zẽrts′). "According to his deserts" = as he deserves.

de spīte′ful ly. Maliciously.

de spŏt′ic (power). The power of a master; tyranny.

de vŏlved′. Passed from one person to another.

dī′a grăms. Drawings; plans.

dĭc tāt′ed. Said; declared.

dĭf fūṣed′. Spread; circulated.

dĭg′ni ty. Loftiness and grace.

dĭl′i ġent. Busy; earnest.

di mĕn′sions. Extent; measure.

dis côrd′ant. Unmusical; jarring.

dis coun′te nançed. Discouraged; abashed.

dis guīṣed′. Hidden.

dĭsk. The face of a heavenly body.

dis sĕv′ered. Separated.

dŏg′ged. Sullen; obstinate.

doŭb lōōn′. A Spanish coin worth about $15.00.

drăm′a tīzed. Represented in a play.

drŭdg′er y. Hard, mean labor.

dūe. "A stranger's due" = that which custom requires to be given to a stranger.

dŭsk. "Breezes dusk and shiver" = darken and cause to quiver.

ĕc′sta sy. Extreme delight.

eight-bells. On shipboard, the striking of a bell eight times at 4, 8, and 12 o'clock.

ēked. Increased. [of something.

ĕl′e ment. One of several parts

em bĕl′lish ing. Illustrating; beautifying.

ĕm′blem. Sign. [tion.

ĕm′i nençe. High place or sta-

e mĭt′ting. Sending out.

en çĭr′cled. Surrounded.

en coun′tered. Met face to face.

ĕn′sīgn. A banner; one who carries a banner. [tive.

ĕn′ter prīṣ ing. Resolute; ac-

en thrōned′. Put on a throne.

en trēat′. To beg off.

e rŭp′tion. A breaking out.

ē′ther. The air; a light, volatile liquid.

ĕv er-vā′ry ing. Ever-changing.
ĕv′i dence. Proof.
ex alt′ed (ĕgz ạlt′ed). Raised [on high.
ex çēē′ing. More than usual.
ex çĕs′sive. Overmuch.
ex clū′sive. Shutting out all others.
ex e cūt′ed. Performed.
ex haust′ing (ĕgz ạst′ing). Using up; tiring out.
ex pĕr′i ments. Trials; tests.
ex pōrt′ed. Carried out.
ex pŏs tu lā′tions. Remonstrances.
ex prĕss′ly. Particularly.
ĕx′quis ite (ĕx′kwĭ zĭt). Very excellent; nice.
ex tănt′. Still existing.
ex ult′ed (ĕgz ŭlt′ed). Rejoiced.
făl′low. Land left unplowed.
fan tăs′tic. Fanciful; unreal.
făth′om. Six feet.
fa tig′u ing (fa tēg′ing). Tiring; wearying.
fe rŏç′i ty. Fierceness.
fer′ule (fĕr′rĭl). A short stick or ruler.
feuds. Quarrels; disputes.
flĭm′sy. Weak; limp.
fo rāy′. An attack; a raid.
fōre′cas tle (fōr′kăs′l). The forward part of a ship.
fōre′land. A cape; headland.
for sweâr′. To declare or deny on oath.
fō′rum. A court; tribunal.
foul. Shameful; disgraceful.
frăg′men tā ry. In pieces.
fra tĕr′nal. Brotherly.
frŏn′tiēr. Border land.
fûr′bish ing. Scouring; cleaning.
gâr′ish. Showy.
gär′nished. Decorated.
gäunt (gänt). Thin; lean.
ġĕm′my. Full of gems.
gîrth. Band fastening a saddle on a horse's back.
glā′cier (glā′shĕr). Field of ice.
glū′ey. Full of glue; sticky.
gnärled (närld). Knotty; twisted.
gŏb′lin. A mischievous spirit; phantom.
goŏd′man. A tenant.
gŏs′sip. To tattle; talk.
grăn′deur. Vastness; nobility.
grăph′ic. Vivid; impressive.
grāy′ling. A kind of fish.
grēaves. Armor for the leg below the knee.
griēv′ous. Causing sorrow.
guärd. Protection. "Mounting guard" = keeping watch.
gŭt′tur al. A sound made in the throat.
hăp′less. Unfortunate.
hăp′ly. Fortunately.

här pōōn′. A barbed spear, used in catching whales and other sea animals.

haunts. Places of resort.

hēav′ing. Hoisting; straining.

hĕr′ald ed. Proclaimed; made known. [established belief.

hĕr′e sy. Opinion contrary to

hĕrn. A wading bird. [turvy.

hĭg′gle dy-pĭg′gle dy. Topsy-

hōōves. Feet of horses or cattle.

hôrse′man ship. The riding of horses.

hōve. Hoisted; came to a stop.

hū māne′. Kind; gentle.

hŭs′band man. Farmer.

hŭs′tled (hŭs′l′d). Pushed; crowded. [embellishers.

il lū′mi nā tors. Illustrators;

il lŭs′tri ous. Noble; grand.

im bĕd′ded. Covered over.

im pĕarled′. Made look as though ornamented with pearls. [entered.

im pĕn′e tra ble. Not to be

im per fĕc′tions. Shortcomings; failings.

ĭm′po tence. Weakness; infirmity; having no power.

im prĕs′sion. Mark made by pressure.

ĭn′çi dents. Happenings.

in cli nā′tion. Desire. [against.

in clīned′. Leaned toward; placed

in con vē′ni ençe. Disadvantage; awkwardness.

in crĕd′i ble. Not to be believed.

in cred ū′li ty. Showing disbelief.

in crĕd′u lous. Unbelieving.

in den tā′tion. Notch; dent.

in di cā′tions. Signs; symptoms.

in dĭf′fer ençe. Carelessness; heedlessness. [described.

in ex prĕs′si ble. Not to be

ĭn′no cençe. Harmlessness.

in no vā′tions. Things not customary. [ber.

in nū′mer a ble. Without num-

in quĭ′ry. Research; an inquiring.

in sĕp′ar a ble. Not to be divided.

ĭn′so lent ly. Rudely. [lished.

in sti tū′tion. Something estab-

in sūre′. To make sure.

in tel lĕc′tu al. Belonging to the mind; mental.

in tĕl′li gençe. News.

in tĕns′est. Strictest; extreme in degree. [on the way.

in ter çĕpt′ed. Cut off; stopped

in ter fēred′. Meddled; interposed. [gether.

in ter mĭng′ling. Mixing to-

in un dā′tion. A flood.

in vĕn′tion. Discovery; finding out. [into.

in ves ti gā′tion. A looking

ir rĕṣ′o lute ly. In an undecided manner. [settled.

ī tĭn′er ant. Wandering; not

kēēl. The bottom part of a boat.

knĕll. A funeral bell.

knīght-ĕr′rant. A knight who traveled in search of adventures.

knōll. A little round hill.

lâird. A Scottish landholder.

lär′board. Left-hand side of a ship. [alarums = alarms.

'lär′ums. Abbreviation of

lăt′er al. Sideways.

läunch′ing. Setting afloat.

laụ′rel. An evergreen shrub; a symbol of honor.

lä′vȧ. Melted rock from a volcano.

lēague. About three miles; a treaty of friendship.

lēē′wärd. The part toward which the wind blows.

lĕġ is lā′tion. Lawmaking.

lĕp′rous. Affected with a disease called leprosy.

lĭt′er al ly. Word for word.

lŏck′er. A chest on shipboard.

lū′mi nous. Shining; bright.

lŭs′ti ly. Vigorously; with strength.

lŭst′y. Stout; robust.

lŭx ū′ri ous. Dainty; expensive; pleasing to the appetite.

lȳre (līr). A stringed musical instrument.

ma gĭç′ian (-jish′un). One skilled in magic. [principal.

māin. The sea; the mainland;

ma jĕs′tic. Stately; grand.

mal for mā′tion. Irregular formation.

măl′low. A kind of plant.

măn′i fest. Plain; clear.

măn′ū script. Something written by hand.

mĕd′i tā tive. Thoughtful.

mĕt′tle. Spirit; temper.

mi lĭ′tia (mĭ lĭsh′ȧ). A body of citizen soldiers. [coined.

mĭnt. A place where money is

mĭs chănçe′. Ill luck.

mĭs′sĭle. Something thrown.

mis trēat′ing. Abusing.

mol es tā′tion. Troubling; annoyance.

mōōd. Temper; humor; manner.

môr ti fi cā′tion. Vexation; shame.

mō′tive. Moving; causing to move; reason.

mûrk′i ness. Obscurity; darkness.

mȳr′tle. A shrubby plant.

mȳs tē′ri ous. Strange; unknown; unaccountable.

năr′ra tive. Story; tale.

naụ′ti cal. Belonging to the sea.

nĕc′tar. A delicious drink.
nĕth′er. Lower.
no bĭl′i ty. The being noble; those of high rank.
noŭr′ish er. One who supports or feeds.
nŏv′el. A fictitious narrative.
ob li gā′tions. Debts owing for a favor or kindness.
ob ṣer vā′tion. View; notice; comment.
ŏb′vi āt ed. Avoided.
of fiç′ious (ŏf fĭsh′us). Meddlesome.
ŏm′i nous. Foreboding evil.
ŏp por tū′ni ty. Chance; fit time.
ŏp′u lent. Rich.
or dāined′. Set apart; appointed.
păd′. An easy-paced horse.
pāġe. A boy employed to attend a person of high rank.
pa rāde′. Display; show.
pärch′ment. Skin of a sheep prepared for writing on.
pās′try cŏŏks. Cooks who make pies, tarts, etc.
pa thĕt′ic. Full of tender pity.
pa trōl′ling. Traversing; guarding.
pe cū′liar. Uncommon; particular.
pĕd′a gŏgue. A schoolmaster.
pĕn′sive. Thoughtful.
pē′o ny. A big red flower.
pĕr çĕpt′i ble. That can be seen.
pĕr pĕt′u al. All the time.
pĕr se cūt′ed. Punished on account of one's belief; harassed.
pĕr′son a ble. Well-formed; presentable.
pĕr′ti nent. Well adapted to the purpose in view.
per vĕrse′. Contrary.
pē′wee. A small bird.
pew′ter (pū′tẽr). An alloy of tin and lead.
phe nŏm′e non. A remarkable thing or appearance.
pic tu rĕsque′ly. Vividly; in a pleasing manner.
pĭl′lion. Cushion behind a saddle.
pī′lot. One who steers a vessel; a guide.
pīned. Drooped; languished.
pĭn′ions. Wings.
pĭn′na cles. Lofty points or peaks.
pī o nēēr′. One who goes before and prepares the way for others.
pĭt′e ous. Exciting pity.
pĭt′i a ble. Deserving pity.
plăsh′y. Watery; splashy.
poiṣ′on ous. Full of poison.
pol i ti′çian (-tĭsh′an). Statesman; office seeker.
pol lūt′ed. Made impure.
pom′mel (pŭm′mĕl). Knob of a saddle or of a sword.

pŏn′der ous. Weighty.
pōr′ti coes. Covered spaces before buildings.
pŏs si bĭl′i ties. Things possible.
pōs′tern. Back entrance.
pō′tent. Powerful.
prĕ′çious ness. Great value.
prē′ma ture ly. Before the right time.
prĭ′mal. First; original.
prŏd′i gal dyes. Brilliant colors.
prŏj′ects. Plans.
pro mōt′ed. Assisted; raised.
pro pĕll′ing. Driving.
proph′e çy (prŏf′e sȳ). A foretelling.
pro prī′e ta ry. Pertaining to an owner.
prow. Fore part of a vessel.
pŭb′li cans. Collectors of taxes; keepers of inns.
pum′içe (pŭm′ĭs). A light volcanic stone.
pûr′pos es. Aims; intentions.
quäg′mīre. A marsh; soft, wet land.
quạr′ter-dĕck. That part of the upper deck behind the mainmast.
quạrt′ern. A quarter of a pint; a fourth part.
queued (kūd). Hair put up into a pigtail.
quĭv′er. Case for carrying arrows.
răck′et ing. Frolicking; playing.
răl′lied. Ridiculed pleasantly.
răm′pant. Leaping; frolicking.
rānġed. Roved over; wandered.
re çĕp′ta cle. Place to receive things.
rĕc ol lĕc′tion. Remembrance.
rĕc on noi′ter. To look around.
re flĕc′tion. Consideration; meditation; musing; the return of rays, sound, etc., from a surface.
re lŭc′tance. Unwillingness.
rĕm′nants. Pieces remaining.
re nowned′. Celebrated; famous.
re quīt′ed. Returned evil for evil.
re ṣôrt′. To go; a place to which one is in the habit of going.
rĕs′pite (rĕs′pĭt). A putting off; reprieve.
rĕv′er ençe. To treat with respect and fear.
rĭv′en. Split apart.
ro măn′tic. Unreal; picturesque.
roȳs′ter ing. Blustering.
săc′ris tan. Sexton; church officer.
săl′ly. A rushing out; to go out.
săm′ite. A kind of silk stuff interwoven with gold.
săpph′ire (săf′ĭr). A blue precious stone.
sea′ṣoned. Dried and hardened.

sē clūd′ed. Shut up apart from others.

sē crēt′ed. Concealed.

sĕn′ti ment. Thought; opinion.

shăl′lop. A boat.

shăm′bled. Shuffled along.

shēathed. Put into a case.

shĭn̲′gly bars. Gravelly shallows.

shrouds of a ship. The set of ropes that stay the masts.

si ĕs′ta. A midday nap.

sĭm′mer. To boil gently.

sim plĭç′i ty. Plainness; truthfulness.

sĭn′ew y. Vigorous; firm.

sit u ā′tion. Location; place.

sĭx′pençe. A silver coin worth about 12 cents.

skĕtch′es. Short essays or stories.

skĭm′ming. Flying with a gentle motion.

slăp′jăcks. Griddle cakes.

slŭg′gish. Slow; lazy.

smĭth′y. A blacksmith's shop.

snīpe. A small bird having a long, straight beak. "Snipe nose" = a nose like a snipe's beak. [converse.

sō çi a bĭl′ i ty. Readiness to

sō joŭrned′. Remained awhile.

sōle′ly. Alone; only.

spē′çies. Sort; kind; variety.

spĕc′ter. Ghost; phantom.

spĕc u lā′tion. Notion; theory.

stātes′men. Men eminent for their political abilities

steer′age. Part of a vessel below decks.

stĕm and stĕrn. The fore part and the hind part of a vessel. [or wall.

stŏck āde′. A strong inclosure;

stŭb′ble fields. Fields from which grain has recently been cut.

stŭl′ti fy. To make a fool of.

stū pĕnd′ous. Wonderful; amazing.

suf fūs̱ed′. Overspread.

sŭmp′tu ous. Costly; luxurious.

sŭn′dry. Several; various.

su per năt′u ral. Miraculous.

sup po s̱ī′tion. Something supposed. [ing; mapping out.

sur vey′ing (-vā ĭng). Viewswāins. Young rustics. [land.

swa̤rd. Turf; grassy surface of the

swa̤rth′y. Dusky; tawny.

sỹmp′tom. Sign; token. [sels.

tăn̲′kards. Large drinking ves-

tăn′tal īz ing. Teasing.

thătch. Straw covering the roof of a building.

thēmes. Topics on which one writes or speaks.

thôrps. Small villages.

thrŏt′tling. Choking; strangling.

thyme (tīm). A garden plant.
tĭlt. A jousting with lances; a tournament.
tŏl er ā′tion. Freedom.
tŏp′sail hăl′yards. Ropes for hoisting the topsail, or sail next above the lowermost sail on a mast.
tŏp′sy-tûr′vy. Upside down.
tour′na ment (tōōr′nȧ mĕnt). A mock fight between horsemen.
tōw cl͡ŏth. Cloth made of coarse flax.
trāiled. Drawn; dragged.
trănçe. An unconscious condition or state of being.
trăn scrīb′ing. Copying.
trăns pōrt′. To carry; to carry away with joy.
trăns′port. Conveyance; rapture.
trĕach′er ous. Not to be trusted.
tre mĕn′dous. Dreadful; awful.
trĕm′u lous. Trembling.
trim the yards. Arrange the vessel for sailing.
trōōp′er. Horseman; cavalryman.
tu mŭl′tu ous. Disorderly.
u biq′ui tous (ū bĭk′wĭ tŭs). In many places at the same time.
ŭm′braġe. Resentment.
ū na nĭm′i ty. Agreement.
un bī′ased. Not prejudiced.
un couth′ (ŭn kōōth′). Awkward.
ŭn in tĕl′li ġi ble. Can not be understood.
ū ni vĕr′sal. General.
u′ni vĕrse. All created things.
ŭn sûr păssed′. Having no superior.
u surp′ (u zûrp′). To seize by force; without right.
ŭt′ter most. Greatest; farthest limit.
ū′til īzed. Made useful.
vā′grants. Wanderers; beggars.
văl′iant. Brave.
văp′id. Having lost life and spirit.
vĕn′i son. Flesh of the deer.
vĕr′sion. A translation; a description from a particular point of view.
vĭ çĭn′i ty. Neighborhood.
vi′cious ness (vĭsh′ŭs nĕss). Wickedness.
vict′uals (vĭt″lz). Food; provisions.
vĭg′or ous. Strong; healthy.
vine′yards (vĭn′yĕrdz). Places where grapevines grow.
vĭr″tues. Good qualities.
vi sion a ry. Imaginary.
vŏl cā′noes. Burning mountains.
wąrd′er. A guard.
wāy′ward ness. Willfulness.

whey (whā). The watery part of milk, separated from the curd in cheese making.

whole'some (hōl'sŭm). Healthful.

wĭck'er. A twig or withe, used in making baskets.

wĭl'der ness. A wild tract of country; desert.

wĭnd'lass. Machine for raising weights by turning a crank.

wĭtch'crăft. The art of witches. "Witching time of night" = time favorable for witchery.

wīthes. Long, flexible twigs.

wĭz'ard. Magician; enchanter.

wōe'ful. Wretched; sad.

wōld. A wood; a plain.

wo͝od'bīne. A climbing plant.

wo͝od'crăft. Skill in anything connected with the woods.

wres'tling (rĕs'lĭng). Struggling.

yärds (of a ship). The long, slender pieces which support the sails.

yẽarned. Desired very much.

yeō'man. A freeholder; a farmer.

yōre. Long ago.

PROPER NAMES PRONOUNCED.

Æneas (ē nē'as).
Æson (ē'son).
Æsculapius (ĕs kū lā'pĭ ŭs).
André (ăn'dra).
Arnpryor (ärn'prī or).
Aubrey de Montdidier (ō bra dŭ mōnt dē dĭā').
Avilion (a vĭl'yon).

Ballengiech (bạl'en gēk).
Bedivere (bĕd'ĭ vēr).
Braehead (brā'hĕd).
Buchanan (bŭk ăn'an).
Burgundy (bĕr'gŭn dĭ).

Cæneus (sē'nūs).
Camelot (kăm'e lŏt).
Cherokees (chĕr o kēz').
Chiron (kī'ron).
Coster (kŏs'ter).
Cramond (krā'mond).
Cyclops (sī'klŏps).

Dana (dā'nạ).
Dragon (drăg'on).

Edinburgh (ĕd'ĭn bŭr ro).
Elaine (ē lān').
Excalibur (eks kăl'ĭ bŭr).

Finley (fĭn'la).
Floyd (floid).
Fust (fōōst).

Genoa (jĕn′o á).
Glaucus (glą′kŭs).
Gutenberg (gōō′ten bĕrg).

Haarlem (här′lem).
Hercules (hĕr′kū lēz).
Herculaneum (hĕr kū lā′nē ŭm).
Holyrood (hŏl′ĭ rōōd).

Iliad (ĭl′ĭ ad).
Iolcus (ĭ ŏl′kŭs).
Ithaca (ĭth′á ká).

Jaonssen (jaŏn′sen).
Jason (jā′son).
Jerusalem (je rōō′sa lem).
Jupiter (jōō′pĭ tĕr).

Kentucky (kĕn tŭk′ў).
Kippen (kĭp′pĕn).

Lancelot (lăn′se lŏt).

Macaire (ma câr′).
Mayence (mä yōn̲s′).
Missouri (mĭs ōō′rĭ).
Monte Somma (mŏn′te sŏm′má).
Montargis (mōn tär zhē′).

Naples (nā′p'lz).
Narsac (när săk′).
Nassau (năs′są).
Neptune (nĕp′tūn).
Nydia (nĭd′ĭá).

Odyssey (ŏd′ĭs sў).

Paris (păr′ĭs).
Pelias (pe lī′as).
Pelion (pē′lĭ ŏn).
Phlegethon (flĕg′e thŏn).
Pliny (plĭn′y).
Polyphemus (pŏl y fē′mŭs).
Pompeii (pŏm pā′yē).
Portugal (pōr′tu gal).
Provence (pro vōn̲s′).

Roman (rō′măn).
Russia (rŭsh′á).

Saint Bavon (sānt ba vōn̲′).
Shalott (sha lŏt′)
Solon (sō′lŏn).
Spitzbergen (spĭts bĕrg′en).
Stabiæ (stăb′ ĭ ē).
Strasburg (străz′bĕrg).
Syria (sĭr′ĭ á).

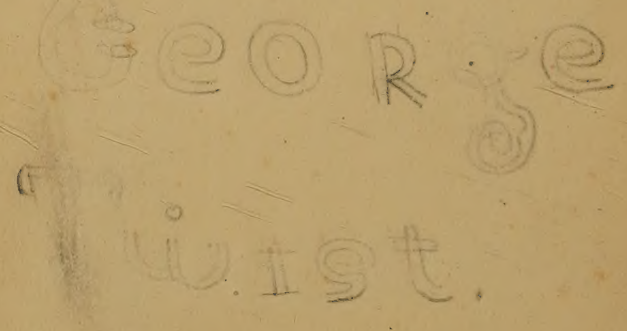
Thames (tĕmz).
Thessaly (thĕs′a lĭ).

Ulysses (u lĭs′sēz).

Van Tassel (văn tăs′′l).
Venetian (ve nē′shan).
Venice (vĕn′ĭs).
Vesuvius (ve sū′vĭ ŭs).

Wallace (wŏl′as).
Westminster (wĕst′mĭn ster).

Yadkin (yăd′kĭn).


George
Wigt.